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M. FOULD'S REPORT.

THE world has had a week to digest M. FOULD'S startling Report, and the not less startling letters in which the EMPEROR pleads guilty to every charge, and it has scarcely yet made up its mind whether the whole proceeding is an example of surprising candour or a scheme of the deepest subtlety to facilitate the raising of the loan which, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, must soon be recognised as inevitable. Whichever view may be taken of it, the transaction shows how infinitely superior is the tact of the Elect of France to that of the Legitimate blunderers who never know how to make a concession without withholding the one thing which would make it prized. The Emperor NAPOLEON may be as false as a HAPSBURG, but he has, at any rate, the skill to conciliate opposition by the appearance of candour and good faith. We are not of those who profess the worship of "that Prince," or who believe that a man who has committed one signal act of perfidy is incapable of repeating the offence; but we are inclined to believe that the profession of a new financial faith, which has been announced in the *Moniteur*, is in a sense genuine, because, on any other supposition, it would be a blunder too gross to be attributed to any man with a grain of foresight.

If M. FOULD and the people of France were being fooled with a device to stimulate subscriptions to a new loan, it would be necessary at any rate to retain the mask which has been assumed until the immediate wants of the Treasury had been supplied. The 2nd of December is very near at hand, and any faltering in the pledge to establish the new Constitution on that day would leave the financial position of the EMPEROR more hopeless than it was in September, when M. FOULD'S memoir was delivered. It may be assumed as certain that the large powers of control which are promised to the Chamber will be established, so far as an Imperial decree can be considered as permanently establishing anything. To fill up so vast a deficit as is admitted to exist is, no doubt, a very important consideration; but even 40,000,000*l.* of hard cash would be a poor return for the enormous difficulties which the EMPEROR would be preparing for himself if he designed to recall his concessions as soon as they had relieved him from his immediate embarrassments. No loan that can possibly be raised in such a season as this will do more than stop the gap which already exists between the past expenditure of the Empire and the resources available to cover existing liabilities. There will be no margin for the future—no means except strict economy, increased taxation, or the worn-out expedients which have already been exhausted, to save the country from bankruptcy; and it is inconceivable that the EMPEROR should have deliberately resolved to face the embarrassments which would still surround him, with a people suffering at once by the withdrawal of Government expenditure and the increase of taxation, and exasperated by the recall of privileges promised only as a bait to tempt them once more to come to the relief of Imperial extravagance. The apparent meaning of the promised reform is, for once, we believe, the true one. Necessity has extorted the surrender of the most solid of the Imperial prerogatives—that of spending without control; and the surrender is most likely sincerely made, because the same necessity would render it more perilous to recall than it would be now to retain the power which has been so monstrously abused.

We take it that the EMPEROR has at length resolved upon a step for the possible necessity of which he has been long preparing. The theoretical absolutism which he has hitherto enjoyed is to be replaced by theoretical Constitutionalism tempered by administrative mechanism. The experiment of the 24th of November seems to have satisfied the

EMPEROR that he can rely upon his faithful prefects to supply him with a Chamber which will relieve him of the odium of extravagance without diminishing his power to squander. A packed Assembly, reported by a manacled press, may perhaps safely be trusted with the forms of authority; and in subjecting his expenditure to a control not very unlike that which is exercised by the House of Commons, the EMPEROR is expressing not so much his confidence in his people or his distrust of himself as his reliance on the administrative machinery by which he has never yet failed to work universal suffrage to his own purposes.

It is a bold game, and the suddenness of the move is an excellent specimen of the melodramatic skill which has always distinguished the BONAPARTES. But the first step, in this instance, is not that which will cost the most. The future has, no doubt, been carefully studied; but who can say what changes may not come over the Imperial policy if it should be found impracticable to make the Chamber as complete a nullity as is now expected? The *Revue des Deux Mondes* is probably right in saying that the constitutional reform will not be complete, except on two conditions—one that the Government shall cease to dominate in the elections by means of its administrative machinery, the other that more freedom shall be given to the Press. Yet the management of the elections and the control of the press are apparently the very sheet anchors to which the EMPEROR trusts. That the Press will not find any relaxation of the tyranny under which it suffers is tolerably certain; for it was long after the date of M. FOULD'S report that M. FORCADE'S article was visited with a warning for hinting in the faintest possible way at the extravagance which the EMPEROR was on the point of publicly confessing. Nor is there the least ground to suppose that increased powers in the Legislative Body will be followed by greater freedom and purity in the elections. Still, the most adroit election management meets with occasional mishaps. The Imperial Copecks are sometimes defeated even now; and if the Liberal party in France know how to use their opportunities, they can scarcely fail to return a minority capable of exercising a control by means of financial discussions which will not be without its value, however faithfully the condition of voting for the Government may be observed by the majority of the Chamber.

M. FOULD himself reminds the EMPEROR how effectual a weapon the Opposition in LOUIS PHILIPPE'S Parliament found in financial debates, and it will be difficult, without absolutely recalling the concessions which have just been proclaimed, to prevent the same tactics from being used with some effect even under the sterner rule of the Empire. One thing is almost certain to be gained to the cause of freedom. The mystery which has covered the expedients resorted to for raising money must in future be given up. It does not need a majority to give prominence to damaging facts, and even half-a-dozen watchful representatives might easily drag to light all the contrivances to which Emperors, like other people, are driven when in need of cash. At the very outset, something far more explicit than M. FOULD'S Report will be needed to satisfy Frenchmen that they really know the worst, and to prepare their minds for another loan. There is an ominous vagueness about the acknowledgment that the deficit of the present year is certainly not less than 40,000,000*l.* The enormous amount of this excess of expenditure, in a year of peace, was a surprise even to those who most strongly suspected the disorder of the French finances; but M. FOULD almost compels his readers to believe that, in acknowledging this formidable amount of debt, the EMPEROR, after the manner of embarrassed spendthrifts, has reserved some further liabilities for the luxury of a subsequent confession. The first Budget, at any rate, under

the new system, if any success is to attend it, must be, and perhaps will be, as clear as daylight. Up to the present date, at least, a clean breast must be made of everything. All the underhand expedients by which money has been scraped together will have to be fully explained. The little robbery of the Bank, to the extent of 4,000,000*l.*, the operation by which more than 5,000,000*l.* was abstracted from the Army Dotation Fund, and the raising of as much more by the new Thirty-years' Bonds, are referred to by M. FOULD as examples of the mode by which the resources of special establishments were made available for the necessities of the State. The history of the floating debt, when told in full, will furnish other illustrations of the economy of the Imperial Government; and the fact that the average expenditure of the EMPEROR in excess of the credits voted has been more than 10,000,000*l.* a-year, though not new, comes with fresh point in a memoir which has been stamped with the cordial approval of the offender himself. Perhaps the most serious admission of all is that which refers to the present year. Without a single extraordinary event to justify special expenditure, the disparity between the revenue and the expenses of the State has become greater than ever; and those ingenious reasoners who proved the non-existence of the iron fleet of France by the smallness of the Naval Estimates may perhaps begin from these revelations to understand that visible facts are more to be trusted than official figures under a Napoleonic régime.

The humiliation of disclosures even more complete than those already published might perhaps be borne, if it were not for the still greater annoyance of enforced economy for the future. In the state in which France now is, it is impossible that the EMPEROR can propose an expenditure at all approaching that to which he has been accustomed. There is no very large margin for new taxes, and unless the EMPEROR repents of his repentance in the first year of his reformation, he has no choice but to submit to a retrenchment which cannot spare either the army or the navy. M. FOULD is probably quite right in saying that, for defensive purposes, France will be as strong as ever; but the privilege of keeping Europe in a perpetual state of alarm, and the power of invading a neighbour at a week's notice with an army on its peace establishment, are luxuries which, however injurious to the interests of France, will not be very cheerfully abandoned by a ruler of the temper of the French EMPEROR. Both at home and abroad, he will be compelled to assume a more modest attitude, with no other alternative than the resumption of his old policy, with all his pecuniary embarrassments aggravated by the disappointment of his people, and by the damaging admission which he has already made of his own reckless and incompetent management. In any event, it is matter for congratulation that the chief disturber of the peace of the world has lost a large measure of his power for evil; and if, by a *bona fide* reduction of his aggressive armaments, he can put himself on good terms with the tax-payers of France, no one in this country will grudge him any increase of power and influence which he may acquire by allowing his Parliament to co-operate in the financial administration of the State. The persistency with which the intention to raise a fresh loan is still disclaimed, and the nonsense which is gravely put forward about raising a revenue from lucifer matches and pianofortes, are the circumstances which cast the most doubt on the EMPEROR's sincerity; but this is a matter which affects foreign countries less than France. That which most concerns the interests of Europe is to see whether the promised reduction of the naval and military forces of France is to be a reality or a sham, and by this test we shall soon be able to judge of the true motives of the financial revolution which M. FOULD has been allowed to prepare.

#### AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

THE PRESIDENT is apparently well-advised in recalling General FREMONT. If it is true that some of his officers have since talked of making the dismissed General Dictator of the South-West, and that mutinous bodies of troops have actually laid down their arms to show their indignation, no further proof is required of the necessity of vigorous measures. Even if FREMONT had performed any military exploits which could justify the special attachment of his troops to his person, a prudent Government allows no officer to cultivate a separate interest in the army. In the present case, there were abundant grounds for reasonable jealousy in the ostentation and affected independence which were displayed at the head-quarters in St. Louis. It was an

arrogant innovation to create a body-guard, enlisted only during the continuance of their chief in his command; and a Musical Director, drawing pay as Captain of Engineers, seems to belong to the times of DARIUS or ARTAXERXES rather than to the age of the American disruption. The celebrated order for the emancipation of slaves belonging to rebel owners was a more serious act of insubordination. The relations of the Federal Government to the subject of slavery were in the highest degree difficult and delicate, and Congress itself had regulated by statute the degree of interference with the institution which was to be permitted to the Executive. Slaves employed in military operations were to be confiscated to the use of the Government, and the question of their subsequent liberation was carefully left in obscurity. General FREMONT must have been conscious that he was overriding the policy of his superiors; and it is not uncharitable to assume that he desired to create a political position for himself. He had once been the chosen candidate of the Republicans for the highest office in the Union, and he might hope to repair his defeat if he could hereafter combine military reputation with the leadership of an anti-slavery party. The Government at Washington might have properly withdrawn his commission on the first appearance of his proclamation, but Mr. LINCOLN was perhaps unwilling to give seeming encouragement to the slaveholders and to their friends in the North. A temperate and formal order to modify the proclamation gave General FREMONT the opportunity of retreating from an untenable position without forfeiting the claim which he had acquired to the confidence of the Abolitionist party. It has since been officially reported that a fortnight after the receipt of the PRESIDENT's communication, General FREMONT ordered one of his staff to print and circulate two hundred copies of the proclamation in its original form. A graver act of disobedience could scarcely have been committed by DUMOURIÈZ when he had determined to march upon Paris and to depose the Committee of Public Safety.

There was no real difficulty or risk in superseding the nautinous leader, but American proceedings are complicated by personal motives and considerations which it is impossible, even if it were worth while, to appreciate at a distance. Every country has its own peculiar ways of transacting business. When WALLENSTEIN was suspected of views upon the crown of Bohemia, the Emperor FERDINAND III. and his clerical advisers thought that the danger would be most conveniently averted by assassinating the General in his camp. Mr. LINCOLN is wholly incapable of a similar atrocity, but it seems that he could not rely on his undisputed power of dismissal without a direct appeal to public opinion. Accordingly, Mr. CAMERON, Secretary for War, proceeded to the West, with General THOMAS, a principal member of his staff, as reporter and assistant. While the Secretary visited the headquarters and military posts, or reviewed the troops in General FREMONT's company, the Adjutant-General went about with his note-book in his hand among dissatisfied officers, ambitious Generals of Division, and that truly national class which consists of "eminent" and "patriotic citizens." Some of the informants reported suspicious cases of contracts. General HUNTER, second in command, coolly informed General THOMAS that FREMONT was wholly unfit for his position, and "the patriotic and eminent" "citizens" filled up any defects in the case by an unlimited supply of miscellaneous scandal. The report which was thus made up can scarcely have been required for the information of the Cabinet, and its real object was attained by the strange publication of the un mutilated document in the newspapers. Even American propriety was at first startled by the excess of official candour, for General THOMAS had reported the shortcomings, not only of General FREMONT, but of the Federal cause in the West. It is from his report that the Confederates have learned the strength and position of the Federal troops in Missouri, and the opinion of the General commanding in Kentucky, that it will require 200,000 men to secure the State to the Union. Mr. CAMERON ought to know his countrymen, and he has deliberately concluded that it was worth while to betray the weakness of the Government for the sake of reconciling general opinion to the dismissal of an insubordinate General.

It is possible that General FREMONT may still have a career before him. He has bid high for the support of a party which may soon become dominant in the North, and his admirers will give him credit for all the successes which may be obtained by either belligerent in the Valley of the Mississippi. If the Confederates are defeated, FREMONT will



have organized victory, while his withdrawal from the command will account for any disaster which may ensue. It is evident that, in his inquisitorial tour, General THOMAS received accusations too easily, for some charges of pecuniary malversation have been already confuted. With a really victorious General, FREMONT will be unable to compete; but if the war languishes without marked success, or if it leads to repeated defeats, the commander who was unjustly recalled while he was pursuing PRICE and MACCULLOCH may not improbably become a popular hero and a future President. The immediate emancipation of the slaves was undoubtedly premature, but the Northern population, as hostile feelings become daily more inveterate, is gradually accustoming itself to the thought of a social revolution in the South. The despatch of a considerable body of negroes with the naval expedition indicates an intention of alarming the slaveholders of the coast, and perhaps of interfering with their property.

Recent accounts confirm the general belief that the first efforts of the commanders of the armament were to be directed against Charleston. Preparations have long been in progress for resisting a landing at Port Royal, but the Federal commander has nevertheless ventured on the critical experiment of a bombardment. If a point on the coast is once permanently occupied, it will be easy to provide reinforcements and supplies; and even if Charleston itself is not taken, a considerable hostile force must be employed in protecting it from attack. If Charleston or any other considerable port were occupied by Federal troops, the blockade would to that extent be at an end, and foreign commerce would be renewed, if only buyers and sellers could be found. It is not, however, on the coasts of the Cotton States that the real struggle will be carried on. The main object of both parties is to win or keep those Border regions which are influenced by divided interests and sympathies. The highlands of Western Virginia seem for the present recovered from Secession, and the conflict already raging in Missouri is about to be waged with the utmost violence in Kentucky. If the young men of the State are, as General SHERMAN asserts, generally inclined to the Confederate cause, the backwardness or loyalty of the old and prudent will scarcely be available for the purposes of the Union. In Kentucky, as well as in Maryland, zeal for Slavery is a passion of recent growth, arising from political animosity against the North. It is, however, unimportant whether the Kentuckians enlist in the Confederate armies for the maintenance of Slavery or from repugnance to Yankee supremacy. If 200,000 men are necessary to guard their allegiance, the State is already lost to the Union. It seems highly probable that the line of division will ultimately coincide with the limits of the Slave States, unless Western Virginia can be retained on the conclusion of peace—perhaps as an equivalent for the surrender of Washington and the District of Columbia.

#### GERMANY.

IN England we have learned to form an abstraction which we term the agricultural mind. It is that which farmers generally are supposed to be, and think, and feel. And, if looked at casually, it seems to be always pretty much the same. The agricultural mind hates going forward, and likes its old ways, and its old beer, and its old roll of dirty local notes in its pocket. Still it does change a little. It every now and then culminates in some grower of wheat or feeder of oxen who is a little more dashing, and bullying, and speculative than his neighbours—who is, after all, a quiet, dull, pig-headed man, but who wishes to play first fiddle in the market or at the ordinary. He talks a little large, and suggests that things are not so bad, and his hearers are moved a little; and what with reading county newspapers, and travelling by railway, and being brushed up by daughters finished at a genteel school, he in course of time changes some of his old habits and modifies some of his old thoughts. What farmers are in England Germany is in Europe. It is the land of beefy, dull, irresolute, obstinate old fogies, with some solid virtues and an indisposition to stir up troubles or annoy their neighbours. Still there is a faint pulsation thrilling through Germany, which would be in other countries what is called a movement. The farmers of the great Federal Ordinary have learned to pronounce the dreaded names of National Unity and Liberal Institutions. Prussia is a little a-head of its neighbours, and although completely under the dominion of the agricultural

mind, is yet of the more dashing and impulsive type. As compared with other German States, Prussia and its satellites make a perceptible advance. There have just been elections held throughout Prussia, and the Liberal party has been pronounced decidedly victorious. We must not expect very much from this. When the present King began to hold the reins of Government, there was a great flourish of trumpets, and a promise of the dawn of Prussian progress, and the Liberals then were said to be decidedly victorious. Of that victory there has only been one solitary result. The Prussian Lower Chamber pronounced a distinct opinion that it was not the business of Prussia to keep the Austrians in Venetia. That was a very decided and a very creditable step; and the victory which the Prussian Liberals then gained was a very important victory. But it stood absolutely alone. They have indeed made several attempts to introduce useful reforms, but they have been miserably defeated by the Upper House. Now, we must suppose, they will get a little forwarder. A second triumph in the elections must enable them, if not to pass the measures they want, at least to put their reactionary opponents to open shame, and if not to get rid of their objectionable police, at least to procure the removal of half a dozen of the most rampant and insolent officials. But if they wish to win the respect and attention of Europe, they must make their voice heard on subjects in which Europe takes interest. Considering that Berlin is supposed to be the centre of European learning, and is full of men who are looked up to as fetishes by all sorts of artistic, literary, scientific, and all-sided tea-parties—that there really are many Prussians who are not deterred by fear from saying a part of what they think, and that a large portion of Prussian talk is devoted to politics—it is most astonishing that no Prussian should have anything to say on the foreign policy of his country. It is not as if the present crisis were one that did not specially affect Prussians. It so happens that it is Prussia's turn to make the next move. Italy is waiting to be recognised by a country which is Protestant, and therefore cannot be restrained by Papal sympathies—which is Constitutional, and must therefore rejoice in the spread of free government—and which has so little reason to feel any jealousy or fear of Italy, that its deputies have solemnly pronounced that the retention or loss of the key of Italy by its former masters is no concern of theirs. We hope that the new electoral triumphs of the Liberals will include the return of one man who can and will speak in plain intelligible language, and will have the goodness to inform us on what grounds, other than those of a reactionary vacillation, Prussia delays to recognise the Kingdom of Italy.

Signs are also apparent that Prussia is beginning to make some little progress, not only at home, but in its relations to Germany. It is beginning to attach a few friends to it, who speak and write for it with great heartiness and enthusiasm; and what is much more indicative of success—it is beginning to create a group of very angry and alarmed enemies. The minor States are showing signs of fear. The papers advocating the union of Germany are excluded from the territories of many of the little Princes. It has been thought a wholesome snub to Prussia, on the part of several of the petty States, to intimate beforehand that it will be of no use if Prussia proposes the projected commercial treaty with France to the members of the Zollverein, as they have determined to reject it. Hanover has even gone much further than this, if the report is true that, alarmed at the creation of a Prussian fleet, and knowing that, if Prussia ever has a fleet, the Elbe will be the first and most necessary object of its ambition, it has offered to the King of DENMARK, in his capacity of Duke of HOLSTEIN, to have a joint fleet with him. It would scarcely be possible to offer a more direct and insulting challenge to the most cherished feelings of North Germany. But there is no saying what German Princes will not do when they are angry and frightened. No folly that a minor Sovereign can be guilty of will for a moment bear comparison with the matchless folly of the first of German Sovereigns at Vienna. If they are pressed a very little more, the minor Princes who have been accustomed to lean more or less directly on Austria may exhibit the desperation of a panic. The last programme of the party of Union suggests the expediency of having a national Parliament which shall be under the guidance of Prussia, and from which Austria shall be wholly excluded. This is far off from the land of reality, and is no more than a wild dream at present. But it shows that the antagonism between Prussia and Austria is held to be irreconcilable, and that, as

their opposition reflects the corresponding antagonism between the Courts and the peoples of Germany, the aspirants towards a united Germany are looking forward to the time when there will be rather fewer than thirty-five Sovereign Princes in the Fatherland. At any rate, if the notion of excluding Austria from the councils of Germany and merging all government in that of Prussia is wild and chimerical at present, the counter scheme which has been promulgated by M. BEUST, the Saxon Minister, is much more transparently futile. He wishes Germany to be ruled by a triumvirate of Ministers, one to be appointed by the minor States, one by Austria, and one by Prussia. This is considered a neat device for throwing the ultimate arbitration of every matter into the hands of this third triumvir. It would be so delightful for the minor States if LEPIDUS always settled everything. This is exactly the sort of arrangement, in point of wit and chance of success, which the agricultural mind faintly suggests if it thinks it sees an opening of selling a cow. Prussia is far too "Yorkshire" to fall into such a palpable trap.

So slow, however, is the rate of movement in Germany that it is possible no further approach towards national unity might be made in this or the next generation if no great and unusual events occurred to give a sudden impetus to the process. The fall of the Austrian Empire will, in all probability, be the occasion of which Germany may avail itself to assume a new shape, and which, if neglected, will never be offered again. Unless Prussia is ready to act, the opportunity will be certain to be lost. Sometimes it seems as if there were symptoms of preparation in Prussia for great events; and sometimes Court, and statesmen, and people seem to relapse into their native listlessness. Prussia has remonstrated with something like energy against the Hanoverian scheme of a navy in the Elbe with which Northern Germany generally shall have nothing to do. Prussia has also summoned up courage to take advantage of the near approach of the time when the Zollverein Convention must be renewed, and has threatened that she will altogether withdraw from the association if the Sovereigns of the minor States oppose the liberal commercial policy advocated at Berlin. But Prussia must do much more than win the tiny triumphs which are open to her in peace. She must prepare for war; she must be ready to give Germany safety in return for confidence. We cannot, therefore, see without regret that the Liberal party in Prussia is offering a strong opposition to the increase of the military budget. Prussia is very lightly taxed; and if she wants to be taxed still more lightly, she must be content to put her candle permanently under a bushel. She cannot light up a blaze to attract the little moths around her, unless she will pay for the fuel. It is also creditable to the Prussians to wish to have a respectable fleet of their own; and as wishes must take an outward form in order to make themselves known, it is all very well that a portion of the expenses of the fleet should, in the first instance, be defrayed by voluntary contributions. But an aspiring nation should know that voluntary contributions towards such an object can never do more than show the good-will of the nation. There is something absurd in such announcements as that the nobles of Silesia have determined to present the KING with a gun-boat. It is about as important, for any real purposes of war, as if the City of London, on the eve of a struggle with France, presented the QUEEN with a pair of pocket-pistols. They do these things better under German despotisms. Austria has, it is said, managed to get up a fleet in the Adriatic which numbers fifty vessels—a very imposing force, and one which, if not capable of meeting the Italian navy in a pitched battle, might very effectually operate to divert a squadron intended to attack Venice or to land troops in Dalmatia. The Archduke MAXIMILIAN has worked hard to create an Austrian fleet, and he may be held to have succeeded if he has gathered one together that, by lying under the batteries of the Adriatic ports until a favourable opportunity of action arrives, may seriously embarrass and annoy the enemy. The nobles of Silesia and the other gentlemen who club towards a gun-boat must go to work a little more like the ARCHDUKE if the German flag is to be as well represented in the Baltic as the Austrian flag is represented in the Adriatic.

#### PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

THE operatives in some of the great manufacturing towns are commencing a fresh agitation for Parliamentary Reform. The movement appears to be immediately suggested

by a not unnatural complacency in the proofs which they have given of their talent for organization. The Trades Unions display considerable administrative ability, and the Co-operative Societies in the North have attained unexpected success; and the leaders of the working classes now propose to apply the machinery which they have created to purposes of political agitation. The various Lodges and Committees can easily concert their measures so as to ensure identity of sentiment and of action, and they may rely on the perfect unanimity of the multitudes which they guide and represent. Mr. MARSHALL, formerly member for Leeds, a zealous, thoughtful, and upright advocate of Reform, lately addressed two letters to his townsmen, which are full of sound advice as to the best means of securing an object which he regards as desirable and just. He warns the workmen against the alarm and distrust which have been formerly produced by unfounded denunciations of the present Constitution, and of the alleged corruption and extravagance of the class which administers the government. Such charges are, in Mr. MARSHALL'S opinion, at the same time untrue and injudicious. Nor can it be doubted that the existing constituencies would be more likely to answer an appeal to their generosity if no menace were simultaneously addressed to their fears. The operatives of Leeds would act wisely in listening to the advice of an intelligent and dispassionate friend; but they have since heard Mr. GEORGE WILSON'S speech, and read Mr. BRIGHT'S letter, and it is not reasonable to expect that they will reject wholesale flattery of themselves, and skillful appeals to their passions and prejudices. It is, on the whole, not to be regretted that the question of Reform should be placed on its true issue. Mr. BRIGHT hates the existing Constitution and those who administer its powers; and if his antipathy is justified on public grounds, he is undoubtedly right in endeavouring to destroy the object of his abhorrence. There would be no use in his putting the worm on the hook as if he loved him. Misgovernment ought to be unsparingly denounced until it is utterly overthrown. Those who think, with Mr. MARSHALL, that the evils of the present system are tolerable or insignificant, have comparatively little reason to desire the establishment of a pure democracy.

Mr. BRIGHT formerly turned the current of opinion against Reform by his violence and bitterness, but all his efforts might have failed if his anticipation of the consequences which were to ensue had not been probable and sound. It is not an immaterial question whether the country is well governed under the rule of a numerical minority. Mr. BRIGHT was too logical and too plain-spoken to affect a belief that an electoral revolution would be followed by no practical change. The question was not as to the certainty and extent of the change, but whether it would be for the better or for the worse. To prove that a political revolution was required, Mr. BRIGHT exhausted audacity in his assertions, while in his promises for the future he shrank from no cynicism of injustice. He repeatedly stated that the army and navy were maintained for the pecuniary advantage of the aristocracy, and that the members of the House of Commons received in pay and pensions more than they paid in taxes. Under the new Constitution, all taxation was to be thrown on the owners of realized property, to the exemption of the vast mass of the community which lives by labour or by trade. Calumny with respect to the present, and threats of future plunder and oppression, were not calculated to recommend Mr. BRIGHT'S policy to those who were to become its victims. The orators and writers who represent the revived agitation may perhaps take warning from the error of their leader, but their silence will not prove that the success of his favourite projects would not justify his foresight by the ruinous iniquity of its results.

The country and the House of Commons will scarcely be conciliated by the connexion of the Reform movement with the questionable system of Trades Unions. The economical prosperity of the co-operative societies will furnish a more plausible argument, for there is a well-founded opinion that those who know how to manage their own affairs are best qualified to exercise an influence on public policy. The co-operative experiment is still in course of trial, and its progress is highly interesting and important. Like all other voluntary contrivances, it depends on natural laws, and its partial success is necessarily consistent with the true principles of political economy. The working men who invented the plan wished to relieve themselves from their dependence on retail dealers, and to appropriate or save the shopkeepers' profit on ordinary articles of consumption.



The doubt whether the honesty and skill of unpaid agents could be sufficiently trusted has thus far been solved by experience in favour of co-operation; and when a sufficient number of adventurers had joined in the speculation, there was scarcely any other risk of failure to be dreaded. Goods bought wholesale by the establishment are sold at market price to the shareholders, and the profits are divided according to an ingenious rule, which seems to have worked satisfactorily. The first charge on the profits is a fixed interest on the capital subscribed, and the remainder is divided among the same persons in their capacity of consumers, and in proportion to the amount of their purchases. The result of the whole operation is equivalent to the acquisition of necessities at cost price, with the addition of a percentage which is itself the cost price of the machinery of distribution. As long as the management of the business remains in competent and disinterested hands, the co-operative stores are likely to defeat the competition of all individual dealers. The gain or saving has been so large that several of the associations have embarked as joint stock companies in independent trades. Cotton mills are in some towns owned exclusively by workmen, and, in Paris, extensive building contracts have been taken and carried out by similar societies. If 20,000*l.* is sufficient to start a mill, the money will be equally productive whether it belongs to one, or a hundred, or twenty thousand owners. When the workmen are also the capitalists, it is not improbable that the labour will be performed with greater cheerfulness and energy. In the event of brilliant success, it remains to be seen whether persons who will then enjoy independent incomes will be willing to spend their lives in the monotonous toils of the factory. It is satisfactory to know that, whether they persevere in their labours or retire, the fortunate shareholders will be qualified, according to the present law, for the exercise of the Parliamentary franchise. The working-man of the hustings and the platform has always been assumed to depend on weekly wages without supplementary aid from invested capital.

There is too much reason to fear that the co-operative undertakings will be severely tried during the coming winter. If the hands are thrown out of work, they must fall back upon their savings, which, on the assumption that they are invested in mills which have stopped, will have become suddenly valueless. The retail tradesmen, who have formerly given credit during seasons of stagnation, have been driven out of the field by the joint-stock mode of providing necessities; and the co-operative flour-mill and bakery cannot give credit for a day, because the customers who require accommodation are also the dealers who must provide it. The experiment has been tried under the most favourable circumstances, and it has yet to stand the test of adversity. The boat goes well with wind and current, and it remains to be proved whether it will answer its helm in rough weather.

The eulogists of the working classes constantly boast of their organizing power, and it is undoubtedly true that they have acquired habits of strict internal discipline. Their leaders have learned to move them like regiments, and the docility of the masses constitutes a serious objection to the recognition of their political claims. Constitutional government is impossible where voters move in battalions at the dictation of individuals. The upper and middle classes, enjoying a higher form of cultivation, are exempt from the disciplined uniformity of the operatives. It requires little sagacity to perceive that they will be oppressed and overwhelmed when an election is managed like a strike. Promiscuous suffrage will enable the lowest class to exercise all electoral power, and the only remaining hope for freedom or enlightened government would consist in the possible distribution of the poorer voters among the ranks of existing parties. The admirers of Trades Unions destroy the last pretext for a sweeping Parliamentary Reform when they point with laudable candour to the proof that the masses will act together under the word of command.

The promoters of the agitation at Leeds recur to all the worn-out platitudes when they dilate on the exclusion of the numerical majority from power by the limitation and artificial distribution of the suffrage. There is no dispute as to the theory or spirit of the existing constitution; and it ought to be understood on all hands that the controversy turns on the expediency of destroying it by disfranchising the whole of the present constituency—a consideration which is not, perhaps, wholly unconnected with that popular "lukewarmness" which Mr. LAYARD affects to regret.

While universal suffrage is establishing protection in Australia and despotism in America, it seems premature, in the absence of practical grievances, and with a certain prospect of revolutionary measures, to overthrow the only free representation of sound public opinion which exercises sovereign power in any part of the world.

#### POLITICAL MANAGEMENT IN IRELAND.

THE cry of anger and distress recently emitted by the most widely circulated and most respectable of the organs of Irish Orange Protestantism must have been expected by everybody who appreciates sincere political feeling. It is not so easy, after all, to carry through a clever intrigue in days like the present. Even the author of *Vivian Grey* must now be convinced that, if the world is an oyster, it requires a tough arm to open it, and that if one shell is disposed to give way, the other will sometimes perversely stick all the tighter. It is pretty well known by this time what are the designs of the most dexterous of the Opposition leaders upon the Irish constituencies. Mr. JOHN POPE HENNESSY is the type of a description of Irish representative which it is hoped that a general election will multiply indefinitely. But before too much importance is attached to the results of a projected alliance between the landlords and the priests in the south and west of Ireland, it may be as well to ascertain what losses such a combination would entail. There is great reason to think, now that the *Dublin Evening Mail* has spoken its mind, and since the significant reception of Sir R. PEEL in the North, that the first consequence of uniting the landed interest with the priestly interest on the basis of common antipathy to the consolidation of Italy would be open rebellion on the part of the Irish Protestants—the very pith and backbone of Lord DERBY's party.

There are many persons who long justified to themselves their want of sympathy with the heroic efforts of the Italian people, and their lack of commiseration for their unexampled sufferings, by constantly affirming, and perhaps believing, that the unity of Italy was a vain dream. The awakening from such a state of mind is not a pleasant sensation, and it may be that Lord DERBY's offensive speech on the Italian Kingdom at the beginning of last session was no more than an outburst of uneasy consciousness that his expectations had failed. But Lord DERBY's language, of which as little as possible has been said in England, has been the lever with which a certain class of his followers have attempted to work on the Irish Catholics. If the cause of his Holiness the POPE be the touchstone of politics, it is clear (they are told) that he will gain more from Lord DERBY than he can possibly gain from Earl RUSSELL. To put it at the lowest point, Lord DERBY is no friend to the enemies of the Holy See. Such arguments might possibly win upon the priests without disgusting the landlords, for the first have been gradually weaned from their attachment to English Liberalism on account of its increasing affinity for the Liberalism of the Continent, while the last have been slowly learning to dissociate Protestant ascendancy from territorial influence and position. Now, the landlords and the priests together could no doubt place their nominees in a great many seats at present held by supporters of the Ministry, and so far these negotiations promise well. But the weak point of the scheme is its omission to provide for the probable effects of the new policy in the constituencies of England, Scotland, and the North of Ireland. Its authors seem to have proceeded on the principle of "once a Derbyite, always a Derbyite." They appear to have supposed that, if a man once votes with Mr. DISRAELI, or if a constituency once returns a follower of Lord DERBY, they are by their very nature debarred from revolting from derelictions of principle or inversions of fixed ideas. But the tone of the *Dublin* newspaper shows strong probability that the calculation is false. It is certainly false as regards the North of Ireland, and we suspect that it will fail for the greatest part of England and Scotland.

There is much in British Protestantism which is neither amiable nor admirable. It is sometimes silly, sometimes cruel, occasionally narrow-minded, and almost always extravagant. But with all its objectionable features, it is the strongest part of British feeling; and over and over again have statesmen, parties, and political interests dashed themselves against those sharp pricks only to fall back mutilated and maimed. There is no party to which it has ever been less open to contract an alliance for political objects with

the Irish Roman Catholics than Lord DERBY's. Whenever, on former occasions, any set of English politicians has hoped to lean on Romanist support, that assistance has seemed the natural reward of great services rendered in removing or preventing injustice. The compact between O'CONNELL and the Whigs had antecedently nothing in it that was discreditable. The Whigs had by universal acknowledgment sustained the cause of the Roman Catholics up to the eve of Catholic Emancipation; and though PEEL had carried through that great measure, he professed to have been actuated by public motives solely, and claimed no gratitude from those he had so efficiently served. If, then, the O'CONNELL alliance ultimately ruined the powerful Ministry which had floated into office on the top wave of popular favour at the Reform era, it was from causes necessarily involved in such combinations. The ultra-Protestant passions which never die out in England did something, of course, to produce the result; but the great reason of the Whig collapse was, that the nominee or nominees of an ignorant peasantry and a fanatical priesthood must necessarily be at once corrupt and exacting, mendacious and tyrannical. The patronage of O'CONNELL was fatal to the MELBOURNE Government, yet less promptly and surely fatal than would be the patronage of twenty small O'CONNELLS to the Administration of Lord DERBY. For the Conservative Opposition has no previous history which could possibly justify a political treaty with the Irish Catholics. It still includes among its most respected members men who fought tooth and nail against Catholic Emancipation—men who have, year after year, voted against the grant to Maynooth—men who have harangued on the enormities of Popery on every platform in England—men who complained bitterly of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill for usurping the place of the more trenchant enactment which the circumstances of the moment demanded. Could the combination now on the carpet be effected, it would be founded simply on common antipathy to one of the purest and noblest feelings which have ever spread themselves through this country—the universal enthusiasm of Englishmen at the spectacle of Italian freedom blooming into majestic maturity. If the nearly even balance of numbers in the House of Commons could really be altered for a time by placing a score of Irish Romanists on the Conservative benches, the time would indeed be stormy and brief; but, in fact, the alarm of the Irish Protestants shows that the plot or plan is sure to explode before it is ripe. It is the vain dream of some leading Conservatives, whose astuteness is out of all proportion to their clear-sightedness—of politicians who have altogether failed to discern the true conditions on which the solidity of their party depends. Happily, there is not an atom of hope for the success of a manœuvre which would throw the political world into even worse confusion than that which distracts it at present.

The surest mark of an innate lack of statesmanship is an inability to distinguish a country's strong and permanent from its momentary and evanescent sympathies. Everybody who has the gift of perspicacity ought to see that the undoubtedly Conservative spirit of the time will prove but transient if not carefully fostered and preserved from dangerous contagion. Everybody who has his eyes open ought to be able to convince himself that the popular interest in Italy is the fruit of affections and prejudices, rooted deeper than any others in English feeling. To persuade oneself that the Conservatism of 1861 is so hearty as to render it safe to get up a treaty with the haters of Italy, is to manifest a blindness which borders close on insanity.

#### THE LAND OF THE FREE.

THE Model Republic has exposed herself to a good deal of ignominy by the devices of government which she has borrowed from the tyrannies of the Old World, and especially from that tyranny which rose, ten years ago, upon the ruins of a Republic. The imitation is, on the whole, much more faithful than the differences of race and history would have led us to expect. The mode in which Mr. LINCOLN saves society in America varies in very few particulars from the treatment applied with so much success by the original Saviour of Society in France. They have both founded a reign of force on vote by ballot and universal suffrage. They both silence inconvenient Legislatures by the simple process of incarcerating the members; and they both devote their particular attention to the perfect subjugation of the press. But there is one point in which the pupil has

far outstripped his master. To LOUIS NAPOLEON the discovery is due that the conventional phrases of freedom might, even in these enlightened days, be made, to a very great extent, to do duty for the reality. He has found that there is a positive value in mock elections, a mock Legislature, and a mock freedom of the press, even though the delusion be perfectly transparent to his subjects. It has been of the same sort of use to him that the attribute of Most Christian was to the French Kings, or of *Servus Servorum Dei* to the spiritual despots of Christendom. It has enabled Imperialist speakers and Imperialist scribes, both in France and elsewhere, without exposing themselves to the risk of being looked upon as lunatics, to use the verbiage of Liberalism, and to appeal to "the principles of '89." The example has not been overlooked by the Republic which admires Imperialism so much. It has not only been followed, but improved. The necessity of giving some colour to the mendacity of partisans at home and abroad has been felt as keenly at Washington as at Paris. Northern orators, and such Northern journalists as are allowed to write, still love to celebrate their country as "The land of the free, and the home of the brave." Its title to the latter designation has been conclusively established at Leesburg and Bull's Run; and Mr. LINCOLN has learned from his French models an ingenious machinery for preserving its claim to the former. The policy of veiling tyrannical measures under a flimsy covering of Liberal pretences has never, even in Europe, been carried so far. Scarcely any European despot has broken the laws that bound him more outrageously, for none has been bound by laws so definite and precise. But Mr. LINCOLN religiously preserves the forms and phrases of liberty, and would have the world believe that, in suspending all the rights of free-men by his mere fiat, he has not in the least exceeded the powers accorded to him by a Constitution whose informing spirit was jealousy of the Executive. Of course, there is a satisfactory side to these subterfuges. Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue; and it is also the homage which the creatures of universal suffrage pay to freedom.

Poor Maryland is destined to furnish the most striking illustration of the compatibility of absolute servitude with the outward forms of freedom. Mr. LINCOLN will not treat her avowedly as a rebellious province. Practically she is in a state of siege; but he dislikes the phrase. It might suggest unedifying comparisons with Hungary or Poland. In theory, therefore, Maryland is still a Sovereign State, governed by her own Executive, obeying the laws of her own Legislature, and owing no obedience to the Government of Washington, except in certain matters specifically agreed upon. Practically, General DIX, holding the PRESIDENT'S commission, is as absolute as Count PALFY is in Hungary. The Legislature meets; but it has been carefully purged of its obnoxious members, who are enjoying a residence in that particular spot in the "Land of the Free," which, by an odd whim of fortune, bears the name of Fort Lafayette. With praiseworthy foresight, General DIX has recently taken measures absolutely to secure the future allegiance of the Maryland Legislature. He has issued an order directing the officers at the polling-booths—creatures of his own—to refuse the votes, and arrest the persons, of all voters whom they shall suspect of having abetted the cause of the Confederates. No limit is imposed upon their discretion, either in respect to the nature of the abettal or the extent of proof required. Even LOUIS NAPOLEON never imagined a more summary method of disposing of a hostile majority. The hearty co-operation of the Executive has been secured by a similar process. The City Marshal of Baltimore has been arrested, and a suppler instrument fills his place. The police have been disbanded; and the only persons who can be found to perform their duties to the satisfaction of the Government at Washington are the least reputable portion of the population of the town, who, before they became policemen, were "well known to 'the police.'" Numerous anecdotes have made English readers quite familiar with the outrages these men have committed. Causeless arrests, domiciliary visits without warrant, imprisonment of women on account of the colour of their ribbons, have been incidents of daily occurrence in this happy region of the Land of the Free. But his dislike of the ignominy of being compelled to declare a state of siege, like any European despotism, has involved Mr. LINCOLN in still more serious embarrassments. Spite of Fort Lafayette, the writ of *habeas corpus* is still by law the right of every citizen who is deprived of his liberty; and so long as the law stands, there are lawyers and judges who are not afraid to act on it. This causes the PRESIDENT great perplexity. He



would not, for the world, inflict such a blow upon American liberty as to suspend the law. Accordingly he leaves the legal right in full vigour; but he opposes the execution of the writ with a military force, and threatens with imprisonment all judges and lawyers who are concerned in issuing it. The fate of Judge MERRICK—who granted the writ, not to release from prison an alleged traitor, but to obtain the discharge of a lad who had been carried off into the army without his parent's consent—will no doubt act as a warning to his brethren. The following account from Washington indicates what the lawyers have to expect:—

It is known that General PORTER acted throughout under the advice of the State Department, and that it is the intention of the Government hereafter to arrest any lawyer who seeks to embarrass our officers in the discharge of their duties. By order of the President the payment of the salary of Judge MERRICK has been stopped, and he is himself now under the surveillance of the police. In this connexion I feel warranted in saying that the Government will not in any way recognise the employment of counsel to procure the release of persons arrested and imprisoned for political offences. The Secretary of State will consider it his duty to promptly investigate the case of any person arrested, and to act upon the facts obtained without argument of counsel. He will not permit the discharge of any person who is guilty, even though a hundred lawyers plead his case, and he will not permit the innocent to be subjected to the expense of feeing professional advocates who can do them no possible service. Neither will lawyers be admitted to interviews with State prisoners. Admission will be granted to any of the near relatives, but to no others. Imperative orders to this effect have been issued, with the purpose of preventing the hired interference of sharpers. The attention of the Government has been called to the action of several lawyers in Philadelphia and New York, who, under the guise of doing a professional duty, are endeavouring to intimidate the officers, and so embarrass the action of the Government, and ultimately to give encouragement to the Confederates. It may be as well to say that the Government has determined to treat all such intermeddlers as traitors, and to arrest and confine them where they will be incapable of further mischief.

The French EMPEROR himself, under the terror of assassination, never did anything to rival this. Surely the time has come when the pupil may teach the teacher, and NAPOLEON may learn from the President of a free and enlightened Republic how to tame a refractory court of law.

The arrest of the English lady in the harbour of New York, on board an English steamer, and the attempt to prevent her from leaving the country, which we have heard of this week, is another illustration of the ease with which President LINCOLN's despotism outstrips all European rivalry. It would be very hard to find a parallel to this proceeding in the recent annals even of the most despotic State. The Americans have already strained international law to its utmost limits in their treatment of suspected foreigners. It has not been usual in modern times to inflict unlimited imprisonment upon the subjects of a friendly Power on mere suspicion of political intrigue. The more ordinary course is to direct them to leave the country. But the attempt to detain them when they are in the act of leaving the country is not only an act of oppression which we must go back to STUART times to parallel, but is absolutely inconsistent with the most elementary obligations of a friendly Power. The only excuse for the arrest of the British subjects who are even now under imprisonment in American fortresses is the allegation that they were plotting treason on American ground. But such an allegation in respect to a lady who was in the act of betaking herself to the distance of thousands of miles from American territory was, on the face of it, absurd. The only conceivable explanation of such a proceeding is, that in their mad access of despotism they have forgotten international law as well as every other kind of law; and that their object was to restrain her from acts which she was suspected of intending to do upon English ground. As no harm has been actually done, no explanations will probably be demanded; but the incident uncomfortably betrays the slenderness of the thread upon which peace between the two nations hangs. At all events, it completes the list of the advantages that mark "the land of the free." It is a land in which electors may not vote for fear of arrest, and judges may not execute the law for fear of dismissal—in which unsubmitive advocates are threatened with imprisonment, and hostile newspapers are suppressed—in which women cannot live in safety, and from which they may not depart in peace.

#### COTTON.

NOW that all the world takes as much interest in the statistics of the cotton trade as if every man were either a grower, a spinner, or at least a speculator, it is a curious thing to observe the divergencies of opinion and action between Liverpool and Bombay, and even between the bystanders and principals in the exciting game which is going on in our own markets. As might be expected, a good deal of unreasonable complaint finds its way into print both in India and at home. India has really exerted

herself most creditably. She has already sent in this year almost twice as much raw material for Manchester mills as we have been accustomed to receive from her. The quantity at sea is unprecedentedly large, and the preparations for an increased growth in the next season are considerable enough to insure a still further development of the supply in 1862. And yet people here are not quite satisfied. We know that the ryots of India could grow vastly more cotton than they seem disposed to do, and we are apt to chide the caution or indolence which prevents them from grasping with a more vigorous hand the golden opportunity of transferring a lucrative trade from its old haunts on the American coast to their own fields and ports. One hears constant murmurings that the natives of India do not change their habits in a day, and take to cultivating exotic varieties of cotton with all the best appliances, instead of doggedly going on in the production of a commodity which does not suit the taste of English manufacturers. Quite enough is being done, even in this direction, to show that India is alive to the advantage of suiting the quality of her exports to the market she has to feed; but all that has been done is nothing to what might be done if she were not hanging back with some hesitation from the gigantic speculation which would gratify Manchester and fill India with wealth.

With a complacent air of superiority, we are apt to ascribe this comparative sluggishness to a want of enterprise and skill in the native races; but before this explanation can be accepted, it is only fair to hear what India has to say for herself in the matter. Take up any Bombay or Calcutta paper, and you are sure to meet with recriminations which are ludicrously like our own complaints, except that the point is the other way. Bombay has quite as much to say about the apathy of English merchants and manufacturers as Manchester can urge about the sluggishness of Indian ryots and exporters. The cotton interest in India admits that the preaching of Manchester, and notably of the Cotton Supply Association, is fully up to the mark—that the prospect of an unlimited demand has been dinned into their ears till they are almost weary of hearing of the good fortune that is before them; but they complain that while we demand an unlimited growth of cotton, we scarcely offer remunerative prices for that which is already gathered. At the date of the last news from India, the highest quotation for Surats which seems to have reached India was under sixpence a pound, and the Calcutta papers insist, not without some confirmatory evidence, that the margin of profit which this would afford is altogether insufficient to pay for the risk of an uncertain investment. Some of them, indeed, inveigh bitterly against English purchasers for not offering a higher price; and it is recorded as a great piece of injustice that Manchester, while begging for more cotton, actually refuses to pay more than the market price for a large stock which is said to be rotting in the stores of Mirzapore. It is hard to say which side is the more unreasonable. It is monstrously absurd for cultivators to expect purchasers to pay a higher price when they can buy at a lower; but it is not less absurd to expect the natives of India to produce a highly speculative crop with no larger profit than would suffice to sustain a steady, well-established trade. It is easy for your philosophical economist to demonstrate that the quality of Indian produce is certain to accommodate itself by degrees to the requirements of purchasers. It is even more easy for practical men to point out, as many have done, that a little alteration in the machinery employed in our factories would bring the Indian descriptions of cotton much more nearly up to the value of the average American produce than the relative prices which have hitherto prevailed would imply. No one doubts that India and England, if left dependent on each other, could very soon so modify their modes of cultivation and manufacture as to render them mutually sufficient for each other's wants. But those who rail at mill-owners and ryots for not acting more promptly on these considerations forget the risk which is involved in such speculations. The hoarded cotton crop of the Southern States is still in existence, and if it were suddenly set free, those who had invested deeply either in the cultivation or the purchase of Indian cotton would be exposed to ruinous loss. The growers and the purchasers are anxious to cast the risk upon each other, and eager economists are zealous enough in pressing upon both the immense advantages which will accrue to them, and through them to the country, if the American war should hold, and the blockade should continue to be rigor-

ously maintained. To those who estimate the chances of an irruption of American cotton without having any personal interests at stake, the probability of the release of the imprisoned stores seems minute enough; but men who stake their fortunes on the cast may be expected to be a little more nervous about the result. Vast as would be the gain both to England and India from the establishment of the cotton trade between them on a sound and permanent basis, dealers in the article may be excused for forming their own judgments on less exalted considerations. The quotations of the market are the only trustworthy expression of the judgment of the trade; and it is on them, much more than on the arguments which have been urged on the subject, that we rely to justify the hope that the results of the American war will be the permanent establishment of India as our chief source of cotton supply.

Since the complaints of insufficient prices which have arrived from India were made, the market has advanced about fifty per cent. If the unlucky Red Sea Telegraph had been in operation (as we hope it will be in course of time), India might already know that the prices offered in Liverpool are sufficient to insure profits to the cotton grower such as have never before been dreamed of, and there can be no doubt that the news, when it arrives, will stimulate production to a point with which even Manchester will be satisfied. Still, in the midst of the steadily growing demand, the faintest hint of an arrangement of the American difficulty has an appreciable influence on the sensitive markets of this country. Mr. RUSSELL, in his last letter, expressed rather a despairing wish than a hope that some way of accommodation might be found, and on the instant speculation was checked, and a momentary gloom passed over the market. When it is remembered how large a proportion of the transactions which take place daily are purely speculative, and how immense is the stake involved—the enhancement of the value of the cotton held in Liverpool having already reached many millions—it is not surprising that the upward progress should have been more hesitating than was anticipated, and that the market should only just have attained a point high enough to bring the Indian production into full activity. That point may now, however, be said to have been reached; and there can be no doubt that the traffic, once fairly opened, will go on steadily increasing, with no other chance of a check than the very improbable event of a speedy termination of the American dispute.

#### SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is as original as M. FECHTER in his conception of his new part. The Secretaryship for Ireland has not generally admitted of striking popular effects, and its occupant has usually been content to be a useful member of the company without attracting the special attention of the audience to himself. The Lord-Lieutenant has, for the most part, undertaken the leading stage business, and it seems unreasonable to interfere with so competent and willing a performer as the present Viceroy. It may, however, be admitted that Sir ROBERT PEEL has taken a line of his own, for Lord CARLISLE confines himself to the frequent expression of that genial enthusiasm which comprehends in its impartial embrace agriculture, prison reformation, universities, flower-shows, and cricket-matches. The CHIEF SECRETARY is more ambitious, and perhaps not equally safe. Since his appointment to office he has been eager to advertise the interest which he undoubtedly feels in the welfare and improvement of Ireland. It might have been well to remember that his predecessors have been equally devoted to the performance of their duty, and that nevertheless they have not succeeded in appeasing the violence and injustice of faction. On the other hand, it may be argued that an excitable race appreciates a somewhat demonstrative sympathy, and the Government has so little popularity to lose that there may be an advantage in trying new forms of competition with Lord DERBY. It was highly judicious to inquire on the spot into the reality of the alleged famine in the West. The same information might, indeed, have been obtained by the employment of less conspicuous agents; but those who are concerned to exaggerate the calamity may be baffled by the affirmation of an eye-witness. Like all other matters in Ireland, the potato crop in Connaught is rapidly becoming a party question, and it well becomes a Minister to show that he is determined to judge for himself, instead of siding with either faction. The weight of his authority would be increased by his recognised impartiality in the standing dis-

putes of the country, though Protestants and Roman Catholics are strangely acute in discerning the tendencies of concealed friends, and still more of possible enemies.

English statesmen are bound, notwithstanding the opposition of the Roman Catholic clergy, to persevere in the experiment of mixed education for the middle classes. It was highly natural that Sir ROBERT PEEL should feel a special interest in the Colleges which were founded by his father, and it was impossible to complain of the munificent form in which his sympathies were displayed. The Irish like the old-fashioned hero of a comedy, whose purse is always open while his speech is free and apparently unreserved. At Sligo, the CHIEF SECRETARY made himself popular by admiring the port, and by praising Lord PALMERSTON, who, as a local magnate, is properly the pride of the borough. He had the opportunity of seeing, in the capabilities of the harbour, a fresh illustration of the Galway Packet job, which might have been less universally approved in Ireland if its opponents had kept in public view the competing pretensions of rival Western ports. Perhaps Sir ROBERT PEEL would have been better advised if he had returned straight from Sligo to Dublin, instead of diverging northward to Londonderry, or even to the important town of Belfast. The temptation of replying, in the stronghold of Orangeism, to Dr. CULLEN's coarse attack was at the same time irresistible and dangerous. It is almost impossible to quarrel with the touching deprecation of the Archbishop's attack on a "mere worm—no better than Dr. CULLEN himself," and yet the commencement of an official career by a squabble with the Roman Catholic clergy is not of good augury. The Irish priests are not susceptible to humour, and in an exchange of vituperation they may set the most vociferous opponent at defiance. The trodden worm will be ready enough to turn on the lively SECRETARY who asserts that a successor of the Apostles is no better than himself. At Belfast, Sir ROBERT PEEL amused his hearers with the less pointed assertion that he valued Dr. CULLEN's abuse no more than two rows of pins. The rhetorical skill which is shown in varying a common illustration of insignificance scarcely compensates for the imprudence of engaging in an unprofitable wrangle with an irresponsible antagonist. Silence is more dignified, though perhaps it may be replied that silent dignity has hitherto failed to conciliate or to impress Irish malcontents. Much would doubtless be gained for the cause of good sense and good government if the absurdity of denunciations from the altar and of libellous pastoral letters were in some degree perceived by those who are at present under sacerdotal influence, and it is perhaps not impossible that the seeming gaiety and recklessness of Sir ROBERT PEEL's oratory may suit the taste of some part of the population; but the peasantry, though they have a high reputation for national humour, understand no English jokes at the expense of the bishops. In their estimation, the confidential delegate of the Holy See resembles neither a worm nor two rows of pins.

The CHIEF SECRETARY has two principal tasks to perform, which are in themselves highly compatible. He has to cherish the feeling of loyalty to the United Kingdom, and, secondarily, he ought to procure support for the Ministry which he represents. Unluckily, the county members of Ulster have long been connected by party sympathies with the Opposition; and Sir ROBERT PEEL's progress through the country has not increased the probability of recovering the Southern constituencies from Lord DERBY. Few political changes are more curious than the gradual alienation of the Irish Roman Catholics from the Liberal party to which they were indebted for emancipation. It is true that a Romish bias in foreign politics may account for a feeling of hostility to Lord PALMERSTON, but the rival party has hitherto retained the confidence, or secured the votes, of the uncompromising Orangemen in the North. Yet it is by no means certain that a strong Irish majority ought to be regarded as an unmixed advantage by a candidate for office. The unpopularity of Lord MELBOURNE's Government dated from his convention with O'CONNELL, and in the last session of Parliament the Galway intrigue disgusted an important section of Mr. DISRAELI's supporters. Lord DERBY would find a coalition of Orangemen and Roman Catholics an unsafe basis of power, and it is possible that Lord PALMERSTON might gain in England and Scotland as much as he might lose by an election in Ireland. Nevertheless, it is desirable to avoid as long as possible any approximation to the sectional division which has proved so fatal in America.

Sir ROBERT PEEL is probably aware that in the adminis-



tration of his present office he is trying his final experiment in the achievement of political success. Having trifled too long with serious affairs, he has, by aid of his name and his oratorical faculty, secured one more trial; and at last he seems to be in earnest. It was not unnatural that he should enter on his office with somewhat more display and publicity than his sober predecessors. Practical ability is sometimes displayed by skill in taking advantage of individual temperament. A politician who is naturally fluent and vivacious may occasionally profit by a calculated openness and joviality. The effects of manner, however, are superficial and temporary, and the value of a popular exterior depends mainly on the solid ability which may be behind it. There is little use in getting a hearing when there is, after all, nothing to say; and it is in the transaction of public business and in skilful dealing with persons and classes that the new CHIEF SECRETARY may show whether he was justified in introducing himself to the Irish with a certain flourish of trumpets. If Sir ROBERT PEEL is really capable of becoming a statesman, his talent for public speaking, and his capacity of expressing a certain popular heartiness, will be useful appendages to his more serious qualities. In the mean time he will waste his labour if he replies to Dr. CULLEN's future comminations.

#### FAMILY TROUBLES.

A NOVEL has lately been published, called *My Eldest Brother*, which touches on a subject not very suitable, perhaps, to form the basis of a work of fiction, but full of sad and practical interest to many readers. The narrator of the tale is supposed to be a young lady whose happiness has long been blighted by the very dreadful proceedings of one of her brothers. As the Yankees say, the horrors are piled up pretty smart. This brother is a most atrocious brother to have anything to do with, and very naturally upsets the comfort of his family. He embezzles the money of his employers, steals his mother's plate, gets sum after sum out of her by lies, forgeries, and deceptions of every kind, marries a woman even worse and more disagreeable than himself, and is always turning up close at hand with a begging letter and an alternative armoury of curses and threats, when he is thought to be comfortably stowed out of the way in a distant colony. His sister, who is as high-minded a young female as ever stepped, declines to marry an adoring lover as long as this rascal of a brother is there to bring discredit on the man of her choice. The rascal is at last hit on the head and reduced to imbecility; but he will not die to please his sister. The longest lane, however, has a turning. Things brighten towards the end of the book. Everybody that was naughty and in the way turns good or dies. The imbecile brother gets as good as can be expected, and his wife, the real fiend of the book, gets splendidly good. Both die; the nice people marry; and all is serene. This is not a very faithful reflection of real life, and not a very interesting subject for a romance; but still real life has quite enough of family troubles to make a tale turning on them have at least the interest of coming home to most readers. Few of us have had brothers who have stolen their mother's plate, or obtained money under the false pretence of being a flourishing Canadian merchant. Still less frequent are the instances of wholesale and sweeping reformation. But relations do give us at least half the amount of pain and sorrow we suffer in life, affect a great part of our lives, and take up a large amount of our time and thoughts. We are also always willing to believe that our friends may take a happy turn, and the very last piece of bad fortune in which despair teaches a man to believe is that his near relatives are irreclaimable. We cannot help thinking of our family troubles; and although no philosophy will enable us to make light of them, and there can be no general method of encountering them in the best way, yet they form a fair subject of speculation, and we make out as much about our elementary position regarding them as we can about any of the great features of our ordinary life.

There are some strong-minded people who make it a principle not to have any family troubles. Of course there is the simply selfish way of not troubling yourself about your family or anything else. A hard-hearted, well-to-do man, who lived at a club, ignored country cousins, never answered letters, and took care of no one but himself, might escape all family troubles, at the mere cost of being an irreclaimable brute. But persons may discharge what they conceive to be their duties to their family, may even boast of having hit on the true ideal of right conduct towards relations, and yet may go far to escape family troubles. There are parents, for example, who say that their plan is to give each child a fixed sum, and let him take his chance. The child knows that this sum is absolutely all that he is to expect. It is very probably not an indecorously small sum. The parent does not wish to behave unkindly to the child. We may suppose that what he gives is the right thing for him to give. But he makes the child understand that what is given is absolutely all that will be given under any circumstances. The son, in the favourite language of stern parents on the stage, may rot in gaol before he shall have another sixpence. A rigidity which will never bend, however affecting may be the appeal for indulgence,

is of the essence of this plan of managing a family. The theory is, that if a child knows that it has a start in life which is its only one, and cannot look for any further assistance, it will acquire independence and learn self-restraint. Children, it is urged, who are permitted to beg, are demoralized just as the poor are when they are taught to exchange a life of honest industry for the doles of promiscuous charity. It cannot be doubted that this method does sometimes answer. The children, being convinced that they will never be helped any more, learn to take care of themselves. But there are many other things which a parent has to do for a son besides giving him a fair start in life. What becomes of those who do not avail themselves of their opportunity—who make a mistake or get into a scrape? They are condemned to a lifelong despair, to an irretrievable misery, and to utter hardness and hopelessness of heart, in order that a theory may be carried out. The children who do succeed will very probably be almost equally injured by the treatment. They must regard their parent very much as paupers regard the master of a workhouse—respectable, perhaps, and businesslike in his way, but their natural enemy. The family is not likely to cling much together when its members have thus been accustomed to be turned out, as if by contract, to take each their separate chance. The beauty and poetry of domestic life necessarily die out unless the object set before the whole family is, not to get rid handsomely of each other, but to carry the whole group as far forwards towards happiness of all kinds as circumstances will permit. We cannot at once keep alive family love and escape family troubles.

It must be owned that, if the position be accepted that family troubles are to be encountered because families ought to make the best they can of every set of circumstances, and because affection is better than tranquillity, the actual amount of suffering and annoyance to be undergone is often very considerable. There are many delusions about doing good to relations which it is as well to get rid of at once. One is, that the troubles once begun are likely to stop, and that one strong effort will set things permanently straight. Relatives want help for the exact reason that they are not qualified to help themselves. They are reckless or speculative, or perhaps merely silly; for an utter absence of common sense is much more often the cause of embarrassment than actual vice or crime. Silly people generally remain silly, and when once their folly takes the turn of getting into scrapes, there is no more than the faintest of possibilities that some day sense will dawn on them, and they will give no more trouble. It is seldom we can expect to see much visible improvement in those whom we relieve. It is only in story-books that a lying thieving rascal and his accomplices all come suddenly to a good ending. All we can rely on doing is to prevent that extremity of despair and obstinate defiance of all men which is apt to overtake the heart that thinks itself deserted, and has discovered that love is not to be trusted in the hour of need. Then, again, it is as absurd to look for gratitude from relations as from any other persons who receive benefits from us. Certainly, in an attached family, services rendered call out a correspondent warmth of feeling, and it would be absurd to contend that there never is such a thing as gratitude in the world. But, ordinarily, people in trouble have very little capacity for feeling grateful, and are too much absorbed in their own difficulties to care very much for any one else. The only consolation which a family benefactor can have is, that however much he may work in vain, and even give offence where he showers kindnesses, yet it is, after all, very much pleasanter to give than to receive the benefits. Annoying as it is to have to help needy and silly relations, the annoyance is not nearly so great as that of being needy and silly. And when a benefactor calmly reviews his own life—sees how much circumstances have befriended him—how many more opportunities of retrieving himself he has had than he deserved, and how easily he might have ruined himself if the right temptation had been thrown in his way—he will not be very much inclined to think himself greatly to be pitied, although he has to ruffle his purple and fine linen occasionally in order to look after the sorrows and sores of a beggarly relation.

Dealing with family troubles is a struggle between justice and love. The very best and first of qualities in a family is to be just. To render justice is the truest of all guides in times of domestic trial. A parent, for example, does not do a very wise or creditable act who allows naughty or imprudent children to profit by their faults, and to get more than the others. Because the prodigal has spent his substance, there is no reason why he should also be encouraged to spend the substance of his brother. A child who does well for himself ought not to be helped less than one who fails to get on. So, too, strict justice often affords the only reliable clue in the perplexities which ill-assorted marriages entail. Let us, for example, suppose that a daughter chooses to marry a footman. What ought a parent to do? She is still his daughter, and he will do her very little good by refusing ever to see her. He had much better put his pride in his pocket and treat her as his daughter. But he owes a duty to his other children and to society. He cannot undo what she has done, or alter the consequences of her act. She has chosen to forfeit her position as a lady. He cannot suffer her children to mix with the children of his other daughters—he cannot treat her and her liveried spouse as his equals—he cannot insult his friends by introducing to them a party in a lively blue plush. Justice demands, on the one hand, that he should be affectionate and kind to her, and, on the other, that he should, so far as others of his family are con-

cerned, treat her as a footman's wife. This is an extreme case, but it is only an exaggerated instance of what is happening in half the families of England. There is always some member of a family who makes some great mistake, even if a low marriage is not often the exact form of this mistake. Substantial justice must be done as the first thing; but then love need not cease. A relation who will be thrown into despair if he is simply snubbed as a nuisance, will contentedly acquiesce in the rejection of his petitions if he is kindly and pleasantly shown that compliance would be an injury to those whose claims he admits to be equal or superior to his own. It is also quite right that love should be allowed sometimes to stretch a point. In fact, as it is sure to do so, we had better shape our theory so as to sanction what is inevitable. Loving relations will do a little more in the hour of urgent need than in strict fairness and prudence they can be called on to do. It is a very happy thing that this is so. There is too much weakness and folly in the world not to make these triumphs of love over reason sometimes desirable. The infinite forgiveness of loving women, for example, though perhaps it sometimes encourages the weak or the unprincipled to tax this love too freely, yet is equally often a sheet anchor by which a character threatened with utter shipwreck weathers the storm at last. Mr. Thackeray even assures his readers—and there is no assurance he gives with greater frequency or delight—that there is nothing which good women like so much as the luxury of forgiveness, and that they feel a keen delight in family troubles which they share with those they love. The writer of the novel to which we have alluded seems to agree in this; for her heroine, who behaves in a model way throughout, insists on not marrying the man she is engaged to, although he himself does not care the least about her brother's misconduct. But then to marry sensibly and without fuss would be a wanton abandonment of a fine full-grown family trouble, which she condemns her betrothed to share with her. In this particular case, her refusal to marry is foolish; but the general notion that love can find food to grow on in family troubles, and that they nourish it up into a strength and luxury of growth otherwise unknown, is unquestionably true. Those families are happiest where no attempt is made to shirk family troubles, but where love is occasionally a little too yielding and weak, although common sense is never abandoned, and substantial justice never really neglected.

#### ENGLISH AND CAUCASIAN.

IT is not very long since a School-Inspector or Commissioner of some kind complained bitterly in his report that there were two languages in the kingdom. He did not mean English and Welsh, or English and Broad-Scotch, but English and something for which it is hard to find a name. The children in his district did not understand "literary English," or, if they did understand it, they understood it only as a foreign language. To some of them, the tongue of books and newspapers was something which they could not make out at all. To others, it was something into which they could translate their mother tongue, or which they could translate into their mother tongue. But to none of them was the "literary English" the speech of their own firesides—the language which they spoke naturally without any exertion. If this be so, it certainly proves that there are two languages in the land. The facts which the Inspector describes are exactly those which distinguish difference of language from mere difference of dialect. The different parts of England have different dialects; but a man either speaks without any provincialism whatever, or he speaks the dialect of his own district only. He does not speak common English and the local dialect as well. That is, we mean, no one does so habitually and without a set purpose; for, of course, it is not uncommon for philological students to have picked up one or two dialects of English as well as the normal speech. Again, though the difference in speech between some English counties is so great that their inhabitants can hardly understand one another, yet both, without teaching or effort, understand a man who speaks without any provincialism at all. This is because the difference of speech between any two parts of England is, after all, a difference of dialect, not a difference of language. But it is common enough in the South of France to hear men talking together in *lingua d'oc*, who will the next moment answer the traveller's questions in *lingua d'oïl*. They have, perhaps not out of books, but practically, learned French as a strange tongue; they know that it is the tongue most likely to be understood either by the foreigner or by the polite Frenchman. The speech of the Troubadours would be wasted upon either of them, so they wisely keep it to themselves.

This last stage marks real difference of language, and not merely difference of dialect. And this difference, or rather a difference far greater than that between *lingua d'oc* and *lingua d'oïl*, is the difference of which the Inspector complains between natural and "literary" English. We suppose the phenomena which struck him would be something of this kind. The Latin *homo* would in some parts be expressed by "man," and in others by "mon"—mere differences of dialect which need puzzle nobody—but the natives, till they were specially taught, would nowhere think of expressing the idea by the word "individual." So again *domus* might be either "house" or "ouse," but it would nowhere, by the mere light of nature, be "residence." Even where wholly different words are used, it would be easier to make a southern

man understand that "bairn" means "child," and a northern one that "child" means "bairn," than to make either of them know what is meant by the "juvenile portion of the community." The Inspector is perfectly right; there are two languages, and two languages which have nothing in common except the Aryan descent of both. The "literary English" has ceased to be English or Teutonic at all. A peasant child would really have a fairer chance of understanding a piece of Dutch than a piece of high-polite English. The latter, if he understand it at all, he can only understand by learning it as a foreign tongue, as much as if it were the Iliad or the Rig-Veda.

In fact we are very glad to hear that there are two languages. We were beginning to fear that there was only one. It is evident that with large classes of people good plain English has ceased to exist. Dr. Johnson, as Macaulay says, did not think in the language in which he wrote. He thought in English, and only translated it into Johnsonese. This is shown by the plain vigorous English which he talked, and which he now and then translated aloud. But we are afraid that whole bodies of men—waiters, reporters, commercial travellers, members of Parliament—actually think in the wonderful dialect in which they express themselves. We suppose they must have learned it some time. They hardly talked it when they were little boys, but it seems quite natural to them now. They are not obliged to translate, like Dr. Johnson; the outlandish words really seem to be the first which come into their heads. To them "literary English" is really the only language. The peasant children in the Inspector's report are so far more hopeful that they have retained some knowledge of their mother tongue, if only as a thing to be translated out of, and very likely to be ashamed of.

There is a well-known story how a riotous Oxford undergraduate, being rebuked by the head of his college for some offence, coolly answered, "Well, it was a bad job." "A bad job you call it," says the master: "I call it a nefarious transaction." We will not pledge ourselves to the Teutonic origin of "job," but it at least has the merit of being a word of one syllable. Lord Macaulay says that "mob," which rhymes to "job," came up late in the seventeenth century, and was a contraction of "mobile vulgus." Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, told the Ecclesiological Society the other day that "mob" (which, according to him, translates the Greek *ἐκκλησία*) is "vigorous Saxon." If so, we see no reason why "job" may not be "vigorous Saxon" too, or, if not vigorous Saxon, at any rate vigorous Irish. In any case, it has only one syllable, and is therefore better by three syllables than "transaction." It is not so long ago that a servant girl, who must have been a kindred spirit to the Oxford Don, told her master that he need not "apprehend ignition" from some stove, or oven, or something of the kind. Till she was specially taught the high-polite style, she would most likely have said that there was no fear of its catching fire. One more instance we could hardly have believed, were not our witnesses to it what we should call trustworthy, and what, in literary English, is called "reliable." Some people have a way, we know not wherefore, of writing "Free" in the corner of every letter which they send stamped. To some minds the plain English "free" is not grand enough, and we have seen "Exempt" written in its place. But "exempt," though a Latin word, is still a word of only two syllables, and therefore hardly worthy of a place in the high-polite dictionary. A servant girl, a little time back, had a letter from another servant girl, in the corner of which was written "Emancipated."

Till children—we beg pardon, juveniles—have been carefully guided through all the needful steps, they could not accomplish such feats as we have just mentioned. Till they have, as the Inspector tells us, learned a second language, it is utterly impossible that they can understand the newspapers; and so all the benefits of a free press, unstamped, unexcised, may be altogether thrown away. We take up the *Times* at random, and see a paragraph with the tempting and perfectly intelligible title of "Self-caught Rogues." How some thieves stole a piece of cake from a man's pocket; how they ate it and liked it; how it, having been made to poison rats, soon made them very ill, how they had to go to the infirmary, and the doctor soon made them spit it up again—all this is, if told in plain English, by no means a bad story. But how is a poor little Angle or Saxon to see the fun if the tale is wrapped up in fine talk about "a piece of cake he had become mysteriously possessed of;" about "the infinite gusto with which it was swallowed by the trio;" about "their pleasurable sensations being succeeded by others of an opposite character;" about "the repentance of the trio," their "critical state which necessitated their immediate removal;" about "the usual unpleasant remedies requisite in such cases being administered and received," and all the rest of the jargon which is intended to make things fine, but which really makes them vulgar and unintelligible? Then there is a man from Inverness who has something to say about deer, but who cannot stoop to so low a word, and so calls them "antlered denizens of the forest." Then there is a story headed "Practical Joking," which is exactly Froissart's tale about Charles VI. and the maskers over again. A man "saturated with rain"—which we should have thought was rather the state of his clothes than of himself—covers himself with tow, sits down by the fire, and "commences drying his garments." A comrade throws a live cinder at him—a wicked thing enough to do, but the effects of which call forth a whole torrent of fine writing. The cinder, "adhering to the flimsy and combustible matter, rapidly ignited



the entire mass with which he was enveloped, blazing furiously over his whole person, and defying every exertion to quench it." What blazed furiously, and could not be quenched, is not clear. Grammatically, it is the cinder, but one cinder could hardly blaze over a man's whole person. We are glad to hear that the poor man, though badly burnt, is likely to get well, or, in the high-polite style, that "the sufferer, although burnt in a severe manner, is now in a fair way of recovery;" and also that "the aggressor acknowledged his culpability, expressed his sorrow for the consequence, and voluntarily engaged, as a part compensation, to allow the patient twelve shillings per week."

But we may take a flight above penny-a-liners. Members of Parliament, Privy Councillors, ex-Cabinet Ministers, nay, preachers of new Crusades and propounders of Asian Mysteries, are by no means free, exempt, or emancipated from the fault of which we speak—we mean, to which we allude. Mr. Disraeli makes a speech in praise of the Church of England. Now, among the many merits of the Church of England, one is that she has, in her Bible and Prayer Book, kept before her people the very best and purest examples of the English tongue. If a man will speak and write the language of the Lord's Prayer, the Te Deum, and the Order of Matrimony, he may be sure that we shall never say a word against him. On this merit Mr. Disraeli does not touch. To be sure, the literary English of the Church of England is as unlike as possible to the literary English of her new admirer. The Prayer Book talks of good "works" being "begun, continued, and ended." Only think of such poor little words as "work," "begin," "end!" It is very much grander to talk big about "the practical objects which these societies are instituted to accomplish"—much as if they were "established to supply the public with Crowley's Alton Ales." Still, thus far, one at least knows what the speaker means; but we begin to scratch our heads when we hear that the Diocese of Oxford is the one in all England "that most requires collateral assistance and ancillary aid." Puzzledom grows on us as we are told of "an incentive to animate us to obtain greater results and to accomplish greater conclusions." A plain man is hard put to find out the difference between "obtaining results" and "accomplishing conclusions," and, indeed, he may have some doubts as to what is meant by "accomplishing conclusions" at all. As a little way down we read something about "inexorable logic," we are tempted to guess that an "accomplished conclusion" must be nearly the same as an "accomplished fact." What that is we once tried to explain by the collateral assistance and ancillary aid of the Romaine use of *ἀπολογία* and *παράκλησις*. And so the Right Honourable orator goes on through a couple of columns. We are merely, in Lord Burghley's phrase, "racking his style," or we might say something about his matter too. The "action of these societies and the good which they can do" are, "in themselves, incalculable and illimitable;" but they are, at the same time, "an influence which can be calculated and will be limited." This is as dark as if it had come from the Tuileries. Then the *Essays and Reviews* are "lucubrations" and "prolusions;" clergymen must not have "to bear the brunt of comment alone;" and finally, a "certain body of our brethren entertain what are deemed by some exalted notions respecting ecclesiastical affairs." We suppose this last is a polite periphrasis for "High Churchmen."

Mr. Disraeli sat down amid "loud cheers." Why not? *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Still, this sort of talk always reminds us of a story of a plain Englishman, who had learned only one language, and who, after listening to a long speech in "literary English," cried out, in what strikes us as specially "vigorous Saxon," uniting sense and metaphor in one—"And pray what might that be when it's biled and peeled?"

#### MR. HEATH'S DEPRIVATION.

SINGULARLY little notice has been attracted by the doctrinal controversy that has been recently raging in the Court of Arches. A few years ago, the deprivation of an incumbent for heretical opinions, especially in the month of November, would have raised a theological tempest throughout the land. A thick swarm of venomous pamphlets would have settled down upon the booksellers' counters; the rival parties would have pelted each other with solemn declarations; and the ferment would hardly have been allayed till somebody had excommunicated the Archbishop of Canterbury. The animal spirits of English controversialists certainly are not what they were. Perhaps they are a little languid just now from the effects of a recent debauch. But this apathy is rather unfair to the heroes who are specially engaged. Here has Mr. Heath been allowed to consummate his little martyrdom, and Dr. Lushington to exhibit in the novel character of a *malleus hæreticorum*, without a word of encouragement from either side. We do not know what Mr. Heath's aspirations may be. He may be merely a blundering student, who has tumbled into a theological pitfall in the dark; but he may also be a candidate for that eminence which, in our time, martyrdom confers at a comparatively cheap cost; and in that case he has been certainly ill-used. He has been disappointed of what may be called the fair incidents and perquisites of martyrdom. No conclave of Bishops has advertised his sermon—no literary dignitaries have closed in a death-grapple to decide the moot question of his orthodoxy. And yet he must be a man of no contemptible power; for, according to Dr. Lushington, he has succeeded in discovering a new pattern of heresy which no one ever hit upon before. This

makes his case all the harder. It is cruel that he should be balked of the legitimate reward of his ingenuity. Other men, without the slightest pretence to originality, have achieved greatness, and succeeded in convulsing the religious world. There was a combative Archdeacon, for instance, some years ago, who did not tumble, but deliberately walked, into a well-known pitfall, with the full intention of fighting his way out again. He was much more fortunate than Mr. Heath; for he enjoyed all the honours of martyrdom, and yet, owing to a lucky flaw, escaped the deprivation of his living. Though he came out scatheless from the conflict, his enthusiastic supporters would not be persuaded but that he was a distinguished confessor; and he has been confessing in the same style, with unabated pugnacity, ever since.

In spite, however, of the inattention with which the affair has been allowed to pass, the issue of it is sufficiently important to detain us for a short time. The deprivation of a clergyman for religious opinions is fortunately a sufficiently rare phenomenon in modern ecclesiastical history to excite grave reflections upon the consequences with which it is likely to be fraught. Practically, it is to this generation a new weapon of controversial warfare; and those who are not anxious to make that warfare more destructive than it is at present may be pardoned for watching its performances with some solicitude. The plan of securing absolute uniformity of religious thought among the clergy by legal process has been handed down to us from an age which differed very widely from our own. It is not on that account necessarily a bad plan, but it is a plan with whose workings we are not familiar, and which may possibly, under altered circumstances, produce very different results from those for which we look. There is no question of its justice. If men are willing to mortgage their right of free speech, and bind themselves to teach only certain dogmas, they cannot complain if, when the bond is broken, the mortgagee forecloses. But the expediency of the plan is quite another question. We have a perfect right to pull this rusty old matchlock out of our armoury, but the consciousness of that right will be a very small consolation when we discover that its recoil is its most formidable effect. Some of the Bishops have of late years shown signs of a strong attachment to this weapon, which may be partly accounted for by the fact that the possibility of levelling any legal machinery against themselves is remote enough. Has it ever occurred to them to inquire what will be the effect upon the clergy at large of being admonished by a few startling examples that deprivation will for the future be the penalty of all doctrinal aberrations? "A stricter adhesion," the Bishops would probably reply, "to the standards of orthodoxy." No doubt this will be the effect among the existing clergy—just as relentless punishments produced a prompt obedience among our sailors in the revolutionary war. But do they not reflect that in the one case, as in the other, this martinet discipline may possibly beget a disinclination to enter the service? In the navy the evil was partially remedied by the press-gang; but the press-gang is not an ecclesiastical institution. The Bishops cannot make a descent upon the University Graduates, and shut them up in Theological Colleges whether they will or no. It is worthy of their serious consideration whether, for the sake of getting rid of a crotcheter or two, they are not driving away the best portion of their ordination candidates.

There are two classes of men who take orders—the few who follow for the doctrine, and the many who follow for the loaves and fishes. As long as loaves and fishes last, the allegiance of these latter is secure. But it would not be safe to count on them to maintain the efficiency and the influence of the Church of England. If it be looked at in a purely pecuniary point of view, the Church is not an attractive profession to the best men. Its lower ranks are wretchedly paid, and it has no regular promotion. Its enormous prizes either depend upon family interest or are bestowed in furtherance of some political object. But it has attractions of its own. It offers an easy entrance to the stupid, optional work to the idle, a brevet of gentility to those who feel their need of it. So far, therefore, as the Church acts by worldly motives to draw men to her service, she only attracts those who are unfit for any busier vocation, or those to whom a clergyman's position is a rise in life. We do not pretend to say that on these the terrors of Dr. Lushington will have any material effect. They are of the kind that, to a demand to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, would reply with Theodore Hook, "Certainly, sir, forty if you please." But it is not to such as these the Church will owe her permanence or her success. A church which depended on them alone would not hold its ground for two generations. The only true test of a Church's vital power, and the measure of her probable duration, is furnished by the number of those who have joined her service for the love of the work she sets them to do. It is among these that all her moral and intellectual strength is to be found; and her forces ebb in exact proportion as their numbers dwindle, or their zeal degenerates. And men of this stamp are not the men to submit with patience to be dragged into orthodoxy by those who have been made their superiors merely by favour of the Prime Minister's calculations or caprices. This is an age in which men bear every sort of rule impatiently; but the restraint at which they chafe the most is that which curbs free thought or speech. People may view the fact how they will—they may count it as praise or as blame to our generation—but fact it remains still, to be dealt with and not to be ignored. It is perfectly true that restraints there must be, or else corporate action in the work of evangelization will

become an impossibility; and those restraints must be backed up, in case of need, by penalties. No religious society could exist without the power of excluding from its ranks those whose objects are essentially hostile to its own. But this dangerous power can only be innocuous when it is exercised with exquisite forbearance and tact. It is a drastic remedy, only to be administered by the most skilful hands. It requires not only skill, but an impartiality rare among theologians, to distinguish between the innovations of mere turbulence and vanity, and the honest divergences which are inevitable in an age of free investigation. But the authoritative interference which may be salutary in the one case is pregnant with the most serious dangers in the other.

The policy of which Mr. Heath and Archdeacon Denison have been the victims makes two blunders. It parries an imaginary danger, and lays the Church open to a real one. The eccentricities against which legal process has been directed may be, or may not be, prejudicial to the spiritual welfare of those who entertain them. But they involve no practical danger to the Church at large. Their causes are temporary, and their influence will probably be ephemeral. The rapid fluctuations of prevalent belief which this generation has witnessed, have necessarily set many minds rocking more or less. The instability of believers communicates itself, in the minds of those that witness it, by a natural though illogical process of association, to the objects of belief. The practice of constant controversy irritates the sceptical faculties into a morbid activity. Under the operation of these causes, a great many odd vagaries make their appearance. But if they are only let alone, their duration will be short, and their effect insignificant. They are the offspring of special circumstances and a peculiar mental history, and they will not take deep root in minds which have not passed through a similar preparation. They have not enough of distinctness, or system, or mutual harmony, to found a school or commence a schism. The authorities of the Church may safely leave the disease to work itself out, and content themselves with the more useful, though possibly less attractive, office of refutation. On the other hand, the remedies they are now applying threaten to work an evil both palpable and permanent. The rising intellect of the nation is already frightened at the shackles in which the Church's work must now be done. There is no denying the fact that the numbers of clever young men who, during the first half of the century, used to devote themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, are no longer to be seen. It has been repeatedly admitted and bewailed by the best friends of the Church. If once the process of legally enforcing each isolated phrase of complex formularies has begun, they feel that there is no saying to what rigour it may be pressed. Clever young men are conscious of the gradual development of their own intellects, and of the impossibility, in an age of movement, of predicting upon every secondary point the conclusions to which they may be led; and they naturally shrink from binding themselves for life to a vocation which may put it at any moment in a bishop's power to lay before them the alternative between hypocrisy and ruin. The danger of such a state of feeling far exceeds the danger of any passing form of error. If the intellect of the nation becomes severed from the Church, and the office of teaching religion comes to be entirely abandoned to those whose teaching no one would dream of accepting upon any other subject, the end is not difficult to foresee.

#### DE LUNATICO—SCÈNE DE LA VIE ANGLAISE.

WE always read with interest the sketches of English life which are given in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Some of those sketches have been very flattering, and some, whether flattering or not, have been instructive, while they have all presented amusing samples of the odd way in which we suppose it is inevitable that a writer of one nation should describe the manners and customs of another. One of the most recent of them was a sketch of the proceedings of an English commission *de lunatico*, which has so many droll features that we cannot refrain from trying to impart to all our readers some portion of the amusement which would otherwise be confined to the readers of our French contemporary. Admiring, as we do, the skill and industry with which the writer of this article has examined and described the working of a curious judicial engine, we regret all the more that a principal part of the machinery—we mean, of course, the distinguished commissioner, Mr. Samuel Warren—should have escaped the survey of his penetrating eye and the description of his practised pen. We should have liked to see a portrait, by a delicate French hand, of Mr. Commissioner Warren inquiring into the alleged lunacy of an earl, and declaring his fixed determination to do his duty undismayed by aristocratic power. But although the article in the *Revue* is not all that perhaps it might have been, it is still very good indeed. It describes the previous treatment of the alleged lunatic, as well as the proceedings of the commission; and, of course, the story is told with considerable dramatic skill, and inevitably there is an element of love infused to lighten the scientific and forensic details, and induce the ordinary French reader to give his mind to them.

The most interesting figure in the drama is, we need not say, the lover, whose passion has naturally for its object the wife of another man. It must not be supposed, however, that we speak of love in any other than the most elevated and refined sense.

Persons who expect that we are going to introduce them to scenes like those of an average French novel will be disappointed. Such persons are desired to take notice that the hero of the *Revue* has one of those strong and noble natures which grow more pure where others would defile themselves. Mr. George Carnegie is a gentleman of good birth and distinguished manners, but of entirely prospective fortune; and he is also a junior member of the English Bar, who, having been crossed in love, has sought relief from painful memories in the diligent study of his profession. During his earlier years of student life, he diversified the dry pursuit of law by making love to a charming young lady whose name was more aristocratic than her connexions. Miss Marian Saint Maur was the daughter, by a former husband, of Mrs. Lackingham, in whose house Mr. Carnegie lodged. We are glad to find that the actual keeper of the lodgings did not bear the name of "Saint Maur," but the far more congruous one of "Lackingham." The good woman who bore the latter name highly approved of the person, manners, and family of Mr. Carnegie, and he was accepted as her daughter's suitor; but on inquiring into his fortune, she found that, like that of many other junior barristers, it was in the clouds; so that neither herself nor her daughter could expect from him that immediate and solid provision which she had resolved to demand as the price of her daughter's hand. Accordingly, Mr. Carnegie is dismissed, and *ce pauvre jeune homme* is exhibited in a state of mind to excite pity. Another suitor is found for Miss Saint Maur, named Tremlett, who is prepared to satisfy the necessary conditions of a large sum of money down to pay his mother-in-law's debts, and a handsome income for the support and enjoyment of himself and wife. Matters having been thus disposed, Mr. and Mrs. Tremlett disappear into matrimonial felicity, and Mr. Carnegie buries himself in the silence of his chambers and the soothing company of his books.

After an interval of some years, Tremlett, who at the time of his marriage was only morose and cruel, has begun to behave so as to appear, to ordinary apprehension, mad. His wife applies in her distress to an eminent physician, from whom the writer gives us to understand that he derives his information and his opportunities of observing the further progress of the case. Tremlett is taken under this physician's charge, and is considered by him to be doing as well as could be expected, when Mrs. Tremlett proposes to remove him to the house of one Dr. Blanding, a weak, irresolute man, who mismanages his patient, and ends by allowing him to escape. Tremlett's only child having died, his cousin takes proceedings to have him found a lunatic, with a view to the inheritance of his estate. Tremlett prepares for his own defence, and retains, as his junior counsel at the inquest, the disappointed rival for his wife's hand, Carnegie. The retainer was at first refused; but, at the entreaty of her whom in his heart he still loves, Carnegie undertakes the cause of him whom he needs must hate. The wife's intervention to obtain Carnegie's aid in giving her husband the power to abuse her cruelly is dwelt upon as an example of the marvellous self-devotion of woman to supposed duty. It will be seen by those who have followed us thus far what an admirable contrivance the writer in the *Revue* has found to make his article attractive, although it treats of a subject which might be thought tedious.

With these preliminaries, we are conducted to the hotel where the jury is empanelled. We encounter, outside the Court, the miserable Dr. Blanding in what is called—in English, unknown, perhaps, to the *Revue*—a blue funk, and endeavouring to obtain from *un jeune avocat irlandais* some advice as to how he should support the terrible ordeal of cross-examination. Not to mince the matter, this young Irish barrister was making game of his worthy client. Loitering in a comfortable arm-chair, and smoking an enormous cigar, Mr. O'Ferrall amused himself with enumerating, compendiously, all the direful consequences to a witness of the least hesitation, the smallest slip of memory, the most insignificant contradiction. He described the artifices of the opposing counsel, and the impatience of the presiding judge. "When one deposes," said he, "under oath, every departure from truth gives ground for a prosecution for perjury, involving severe penalties. And besides, you have here a man who has been kept in private confinement during—how long shall we say, Doctor?—during two years. If he is found to be of sound mind, he will bring against you an action for false imprisonment. And if you escape that danger, the newspapers will denounce you—they will traduce you—they will tear your character to shreds." The unhappy Blanding, terrified by this prospect, declared that he would go to bed, and would refuse to give his evidence. It needed the intervention of his abler professional brother to check the Irishman's wicked fun, and to persuade the victim of it to appear in court. He was preceded there by his more skilful and composed associate, whose evidence told strongly against Tremlett's sanity, and was but slightly shaken by the cross-examination of Tremlett's leading counsel. Then came Blanding's turn. All the disasters predicted by O'Ferrall soon began to fall on that unhappy man. The terrible senior counsel, perceiving with what a poor simple creature he had to deal, involved him in trouble and in terror, and the Court beheld the application of a real torture. Confused, stammering, assailed at once by his own scruples and by the doubts and difficulties which were suggested by his tormentor, the unfortunate witness utterly lost his head. He blundered, he contradicted himself deplorably, until the examining counsel dismissed him with the contemptuous remark that, after such an ex-



hibition, he need call no witnesses on the other side. Thus far the case had gone well for Tremlett. But now he spoiled everything by insisting on himself explaining to the jury the true nature of the delusions under which he had been described as labouring. The case, at one time almost gained, seemed now irrevocably lost. The leading counsel, at this juncture, was seized with sudden indisposition, which rendered him unable to address the jury. It is known that this is a misfortune which *does* sometimes happen to leading counsel just before they are called upon to speak in support of what they think a hopeless case. The arduous task of combating the bad impression which Tremlett had made upon the jury devolved upon the junior counsel, and that counsel was Carnegie, the man whose life Tremlett had made miserable. This is the grand effect, to which all the rest of the scene was meant to be subsidiary; and the artist has exerted all his skill in picturing the conflict of many motives which raged silently in Carnegie's breast as he rose to address the jury. He looked very pale, but calm and resolute. He knew that his professional success depended on the use which he should make of this fine opening. But he would gladly have renounced forensic glory, if his sense of honour as a barrister would have allowed him to obey his impulse as a man. And what was that impulse? He looked back on the mournful past. He thought of his withered hopes. He saw his rival utterly at his mercy. If he abandoned him, it would not be merely an act of vengeance, but he would thus frustrate the dark purposes which the madman harboured in his cruel mind. But if the man might reason thus, the advocate could not. Having undertaken his client's case, it would be treason to desert him at his utmost need. To Tremlett now belonged the spirit, the passion, and the eloquence of his unhappy rival. And, besides, how could he endure the reproach of Marian if he should lose the cause which she entrusted to him? He spoke, therefore, and spoke his best, and spoke wonderfully well. The immense effort which he made to master himself gave to his speech a life and a power of expression quite extraordinary. The reporters said to one another, "Here is a sub-lieutenant who becomes a general at the first stroke." The jury, after a short deliberation, found that Tremlett was of sound mind and competent to manage his affairs.

The wife of Tremlett sent to Carnegie a bank note for 200*l.*, and wrote upon it that her husband was about to take her with him to Australia, and begged that, before sailing, she might exchange with Carnegie a last look. He came upon the quay and saw her for a moment as she stood on deck. The malignant lunatic was close at hand watching her. Carnegie exclaimed that he was a murderer. "That woman is lost, and it is I who have betrayed her." Then he pulled out the bank note and tore it into fragments, saying, "Behold the pieces for which Judas sold the innocent blood." We should have thought that this fine frenzy of Carnegie would have done very well to end the article. We might have mourned the ill-starred love and the torn banknote of this unhappy barrister, and we might have hoped that time and steady work would have mitigated his grief, and that he would have earned by his eloquence other bank notes which he might have kept with a quiet conscience in his pocket-book. But the *Review* will not let us off without another horror. The ship in which Tremlett and his wife embarked was lost at sea, and it was suspected that she foundered through a leak which the madman opened in her hold at night.

#### MR. DISRAELI ON CHURCH MATTERS.

THE position of a county member requires, one would think, a special education, or, if not a special education, special gifts—or, at any rate, where there are neither the gifts nor the education, a certain knack which may stand in place of either. To do him only simple justice, Mr. Disraeli possesses the last qualification to an extent which is little, if at all, short of perfection. He accommodates himself to circumstances and requirements with a versatility and a general fittingness which, if not in themselves admirable, are the perfection of cleverness. He is perhaps a thought too clever. In office, his suavity, his deference, his general spirit and tone of accommodation, his way of making things pleasant, is perfect even to a fault. Over-civility itself is an offence, and so is the faculty which, to such an eminent degree, Mr. Disraeli possesses of accommodating himself to everybody and everything. He possesses, we say, to perfection the art of making things pleasant; but so perverse is human nature that we often revolt and recoil at the process of making things pleasant. It was only given to an apostle to be all things to all men. Most people run the hazard of being thought insincere, artificial, or half-hearted, when they agree with all that you say, careful to avoid both grounds of offence and the real matter at issue. And there are only two ways in which, in great questions, you can please, or think that you please, everybody. One is when a speaker is absolutely ignorant of his subject, and talks mere platitudes. The other is when he knows something about it, and ventures boldly on absolute contradictions, adopting both sides of a question in turn, and venturing upon flat and total inconsistencies on the chance of not being detected. Which is the greatest affront to an audience it would be difficult to say. The last course is the practised sophist's—which is as much as to say it is Mr. Disraeli's. Whether his episcopal and clerical audience at Aylesbury found him out it is not for us to say. Perhaps it was not convenient to the bishop and clergy to be too particular when

they had got the county member, the leader of the great party—the Minister expectant—to come forward as the hero of the day.

To do him justice, with this slight abatement of evasion and inconsistency, there was much to admire in Mr. Disraeli's mode of doing his work. Granting his method, and saying nothing about its morality, the thing was well done. If you are not up to the thing and to the man, and if you are not acquainted with the antecedents of Mr. Disraeli, how engaging is the picture of himself which his speech suggests! If a curate, say from the Misesdens or Claydons of the "good county of Buckingham," as its Bishop prettily styles it, had stepped into the County Hall at Aylesbury last week, a simple shepherd, fresh from simple swains, given up to the spiritual supervision of the agricultural and bucolic mind, diversified only by digressions on the digamma and irregular verbs in *μ*, he would have thought that Mr. Disraeli had but one pursuit in life. He would have supposed that the orator was given up to committees and deputations, strong in S. P. G. and S. P. C. K., eloquent at church missionary meetings, a subscriber to all church societies, a regular attendant at anniversaries, a conspicuous joint of that lay tail which follows—or even one of those lay hands which guide—episcopacy itself. He knew so much about the kindred societies which came to be anniversaried on that day at Aylesbury—he was so perfectly acquainted with their affinities and their complementary character—he saw how they were at once diverse and uniform, and how in various ways they made a whole—he had pondered so earnestly over them, that he could distinctly specify their short-comings as well as their successes. Mr. Disraeli saw, and after meditation was prepared to tell his brother churchmen, why the Oxford Church Building Society, the Oxford Spiritual Aid Society, and the Oxford Board of Education, had not borne fruit proportionate to their value. In other words, Mr. Disraeli was going to show how it was that the Church had not done all that it might have been expected to do. Here, at any rate, is one of the gravest questions which have ever perplexed a believer's, or even a bystander's mind. Why the Church, or why the gospel, has failed is a momentous subject. The cause which has suggested itself to Mr. Disraeli is "the want of union among churchmen." This does not help us much, because we only fall back one step and ask, "Why is there this want of union among churchmen?" Because there is among churchmen a feeling—no, three feelings—one of "perplexity," one of "distrust," and one of "discontent." The discrimination does credit to a master, almost of language, certainly of verbal quibbling. Well—and we will place ourselves in the position of the much-pondering curate from the heavy clays, with an intelligence somewhat stiff and intractable, like the soil which he represents—ought there to be these three feelings or not? If there ought to be, it is of course all up, not only with the three societies which the eloquent county member is discoursing about, but with the Church itself. If these feelings of perplexity, distrust, and discontent, are unfounded and wrong, why of course Mr. Disraeli has come over from Hughenden Manor to tell us how to get rid of them. The oracle is going to pronounce. There are causes which prevent the union of churchmen—the existence, viz., of three popular feelings. First, about the feeling of perplexity. People are perplexed because there are parties in the Church. Ought there to be parties or not? Mr. Disraeli states as his conviction and opinion that parties in the Church are not a sign of its weakness, but rather a symbol of its strength. A party leader might be expected to take such an estimate of party spirit in general and to apply it to the state ecclesiastical, but it would hardly re-assure the inquiring curate. He is told, as a fact, that the existence of parties produces perplexity in the councils, and consequent weakness in the executive of the Church. This is the fact; but the existence of parties ought to be a symbol of strength in the Church, remarks the oracle. Only it is not, says the curate; and, perhaps, he goes on innocently to reply to the oracle, Thank you for nothing. The oracle says something; but what as to the practical question it says, we, like the inquiring curate, are utterly unable to say.

So with the second feeling—the feeling of distrust. The cause of this feeling Mr. Disraeli can lay his hand upon in a moment. It all comes of those *Essays and Reviews*. Here, at any rate, is one ground of assurance. There was no distrust in the Church of England before the publication of those unlucky *Essays*; and a feeling of only some twelve months old is likely enough to be transient. Thankful for at least this mercy, the meditative curate would go on to ask, Is this feeling of distrust justifiable or not? Is there any ground for it? Ought there to be limits to speculation or not? Mr. Disraeli is here to enlighten us on these grave questions. He thinks that the *Essays and Reviews* are blameable only because they were written by clergymen. Speculations by laymen Mr. Disraeli is prepared to welcome. No limits should be set to inquiry in their case—a saving clause which was certainly required when certain speculations on the origin of Christianity, the aspect of its Founder towards Judaism, and the supposed benefits which the Gospel owes to that "event on Calvary" occurred to the mind of the speaker, and perhaps, also, to one or two of the hearers. And then Mr. Disraeli went through the genesis of the *Essays and Reviews* specifically, and of what he called "German Theology" generally. This branch of his subject was treated in a pretty vein of mild fun. Rationalism, even in Germany, had been found to be irrational, and the mythic theory had been found to be itself a myth. This joke met with due appre-

ciation. Therefore all the fuss about the *Essays and Reviews* was very unfortunate, and had no grounds of justification. All that was wrong about the book was its authorship. Its "authors had entered into engagements with the people of this country quite inconsistent with the views advanced in those publications." Still, the Bishop of Salisbury ought not to have proceeded against Dr. Rowland Williams. The compact entered into between a beneficed clergyman and the people of this country is an instrument, legal or moral, which we happen never to have met with. There is some sort of compact between a clergyman and the Church; but of this Mr. Disraeli says nothing. The conclusion is, that the authors of a certain book are seriously wrong and blameable, because they have entered into engagements with the people, but that they ought not to be questioned by the Church, because no obligations subsist between them. This is an instance of what we mean when we advert to Mr. Disraeli's knack of accommodation. He has a fling at German theology—that is sure to go down with a learned clergy, such as that of the county of Bucks. He has a fling at the *Essays and Reviews*, for what is, after all, but a secondary circumstance of the book; and he has a fling at the prosecutor of Dr. Williams. The aforesaid curate would be disposed to think that if the book was a good book, it would matter but little whether it came from clerical or lay hands—that if speculation was mischievous, it was as mischievous from the author of *Coningsby* or *Lord George Bentinck* as from a reviewer of Bunsen—and that if a clergyman enters into engagements with the people of this country, *à fortiori* with his Bishop and his Church. Still, from two false assumptions Mr. Disraeli had contrived to get a popular conclusion, if that was really a conclusion which concluded nothing.

As to the last feeling—that of discontent. High Churchmen are reasonably disgusted at Palmerston Bishops. Yes—no doubt Palmerston Bishops are a trial and an offence. But then the wheel is turning round, and there may soon be a succession of Disraeli Bishops, and perhaps High Churchmen may be equally disgusted with them. So that the best thing for the Church to do is to grin and abide it—to speak familiarly. Whatever people may choose to theorize about as to Church and State, Mr. Disraeli is at least good enough to say that the Church will enjoy no more freedom under Conservatives than under Whigs; and that the only desire is that of grumbling, whether the Prime Minister cuts high or cuts low.

Let us hear the end of the whole matter. There is weakness in the Church, because Churchmen are perplexed, distrustful, and discontented. But the causes of this perplexity, distrust, and discontent will never be removed; and perhaps, on the whole, it is better they should not be removed, for, though the cause of weakness, they are the symbol of strength. At any rate, what suggests the aforesaid perplexity, distrust, and discontent will be as rampant under Derby and Disraeli as under Palmerston and Shaftesbury. We fear that this is rather the sort of consolation administered to the man of Uz by his friends; but, to do Eliphaz and Bildad justice, they made it pretty plain that their object was to taunt the righteous man; whereas Mr. Disraeli's rôle was to make things pleasant, and to evade both the point at issue and the responsibility of pronouncing on it.

#### PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA.

THE unfavourable judgment which many people in this country have undoubtedly formed of the general tone and character of public opinion in the United States, is often attributed by Americans to the fact that our information is, if not exclusively at least mainly, derived from the columns of the *New York Herald*, and other publications of a like nature. That journal, it is alleged, can in no sense be said fairly to represent the cultivated mind and intelligence of the citizens of New York. It is addressed to the vulgar herd of noisy politicians. To satisfy the appetite of such a class of readers, it has become a recognised medium for the circulation of empty declamatory harangues and false reports. We are not prepared to say how far this statement is well founded. The extensive sale of such a newspaper will at any rate justify us in supposing that its spirit finds favour with a large, if not influential, section of society. An opportunity has, however, just offered itself of testing the accuracy and gauging the good taste of a somewhat more respectable journal, the *New York Times*, in a matter which still presents some features of slight interest to ourselves.

The long professional and the short Parliamentary career of Mr. Edwin James is not yet forgotten; nor how, in the full tide of a superficial success, he suddenly collapsed and fell. Shrewd, bold, and ready, he was eminently calculated, with loud-voiced eloquence, to charm the attention of a London jury and win the affections of a Marylebone constituency. He was a great advocate, according to that standard of greatness which is eagerly sought for among certain branches of the attorney-world; and he was a profound politician in the eyes of a metropolitan publican. In the higher circles of his profession, though entitled to a kind of respect on account of his undoubted ability, he was never looked upon as one of those who, by any turn of fortune, could be promoted to a judicial or political office. In the House of Commons he was simply a failure. The House could, to say the least of it, hardly look upon him as adding to its lustre or dignity. When, therefore, a day of reckoning came, and he was compelled, for divers weighty reasons, to quit his profession, to

resign his seat, and to seek a purer air in the latitude of Boulogne, it cannot be denied that a sensation of relief pervaded the legal and political world; and men congratulated themselves on being, once for all, well rid of him. But no one is a prophet in his own country. Disbarred at home, Mr. Edwin James is, without difficulty, admitted to the New York Bar, and takes his seat with the utmost gravity in Court. Severely, but justly, chastised by the English press, he receives hospitable entertainment and discriminating approval at the hands of the *New York Times*. Mr. Edwin James may consider himself fortunate to obtain such an introduction to his new fellow-citizens. It is curious to observe how, under skilful treatment, a bombastic torrent of words is transmuted into eloquence, while forward audacity becomes a noble assertion of freedom. Let us contemplate for a few moments the illustrious exile in the picture which has been drawn of him for his New York clients by so friendly a pen; only let us add a few comments of our own, inviting all zealous lovers of historic truth to "look upon this picture, and on that." "It is understood"—we quote the *New York Times*—"that he intends to make this city his home, and that he will enter at once into the practice of the profession in which he has won such conspicuous honours abroad. In spite of the barriers that oppose the progress of mere talent, however great, to high success in England, Mr. James had achieved, without the slightest aid from aristocratic connexions, the very high distinction of standing among the foremost members of the British bar. Since the elevation of Sir Frederick Thesiger to the Chancellorship, and that of Sir Alexander Cockburn to the Chief Justiceship of the Queen's Bench, he has been almost without a rival in some branches of the profession." If for "conspicuous honours," we read "conspicuous profits," this vague opening statement may pass for what it is worth—conveniently qualified as it is by the final clause. But it is when we come to detail that we are forced to discover the very questionable accuracy of our Transatlantic contemporary. "The statute-book of England is indebted to him for the new Bankruptcy Act, and many of the wisest measures which have marked the course of legal reform in the past few years." Is it? Mr. Edwin James probably did take a great and personal interest in all Bankruptcy Acts, whether new or old, and may have watched with some anxiety, from the other side of the Channel, the progress of the last measure through the House of Commons. But we doubt whether Lord Westbury would be inclined to admit that he had received the active co-operation of his learned brother in its preparation. "In all the *causes célèbres* which have awakened interest here, he has figured as leading counsel for the prosecution or defence. The conduct of the case against Palmer, in the celebrated Rugely poisoning, was committed to him." The case was conducted in chief by Sir Alexander Cockburn, whose eloquent and masterly speeches on that occasion still live in the memory of those who heard them. "In the prosecution of Bernard for conspiracy against the life of Louis Napoleon, he led for the defence, and his eloquent vindication is almost as familiar amongst us as it is over Europe." The trial of Bernard was indeed a most favourable occasion for a display of the peculiar oratorical powers of Mr. Edwin James. There was full scope for a large amount of vulgar declamation, and for a wild denunciation of wicked tyrants resting on the support of unholy bayonets. After all, the verdict in the case was probably rather due to a belief in the minds of the jurymen that Bernard had been arrested by the Government in order to test the applicability of doubtful Acts of Parliament, than to the effects of his counsel's eloquence. To Mr. Edwin James this success was, it must be allowed, fruitful of renown. He obtained a temporary popularity in that dubious society of unkempt foreigners which haunts the purlieus of Leicester-square, and took his place, amid rapturous cheers, on the benches of some second-rate Discussion Forum, the frequenters of which found themselves one evening most unexpectedly honoured by the presence of the then famous Queen's Counsel. It was in vain, however, that he attempted to assume the air of an Erskine. His feeble imitation was ridiculed as it deserved to be. Passing over the case of Colonel Dickson, in which "he did battle for the soldier's rights and honour against the whole power of the Court and Horse Guards," we arrive at the most extraordinary of all these strange assertions. His Parliamentary career was chiefly remarkable "from his advocacy of Italian unity and liberty, of which in the House he was regarded as the *special champion*." Then follows a glowing account of the hurried journey to Italy after the session of 1860. Mr. Edwin James did, in fact, as is the custom of his countrymen, indulge in a vacation ramble during the autumn of that year. In Italy, as the representative of a large and popular English constituency, he would of course, not being afflicted with too much modesty, gain access without difficulty to the leading Italian statesmen. But if the accounts we at the time received were to be depended upon, it would seem that Mr. Edwin James was rapidly discovered to be a pretentious bore of the very first magnitude. He gave out in a mysterious way that he had been entrusted with some vague mission to inquire and report on the state of affairs. No one believed in the mission, but every one was glad to facilitate his movements, and pass him on to those friends who were destined to be bored in turn. The chosen of Marylebone must have been somewhat out of his element in the army of Garibaldi. He was, however, fortunate enough to be present at a real battle, and his military reputation was won for ever. We all remember the immortal



representation given by the *Illustrated London News* of Mr. James as he appeared at the battle of Voltorno. In the formidable figure, armed to the teeth, and breathing out slaughter and destruction, no one could have recognised the ornament of Westminster Hall. But Mr. James was, according to his new-made friends, as great in peace as in war. "His wise and friendly counsels saved Garibaldi from pursuing that mad course into which he was urged by wild theorists, and which at one time threatened to jeopardize all that he had gained for Italy." After such services as this, we may no longer wonder if he was received in the House of Commons as the "friend and vindicator of Garibaldi." After an exhaustive analysis of the intellectual and moral qualifications thus brought by Mr. Edwin James to be disposed of in the American market, the description of his personal advantages very naturally follows. "He is an excellent specimen of the hale and hearty Englishman." Oh, John Bull, we are tempted to exclaim, what portraits are not perpetrated in thy name!

We have at length obtained some insight into the manner of man whom the *New York Times* delights to honour. We, who know so well his real character, are seized with intense astonishment when we learn the caricature of it that has been thus boldly put forward. If this delusive representation of Mr. Edwin James may be taken as a fair example of the general truthfulness of the *New York Times*, then we must indeed hesitate before we accept it as authority for the most trivial occurrence. We incline, however, to the belief that in this affair impudence has been imposing upon ignorance. The portrait shows evident signs of being self-drawn—"The eminent advocate and statesman, life-size, by himself." In conclusion, we congratulate the Americans on their acquisition of so distinguished a citizen. We congratulate Mr. Edwin James on the new and wide field which is thus so auspiciously opened to his talents. We do not doubt that, as advocate, as statesman, as soldier, he will fully sustain his well-earned reputation. As advocate, that chastened eloquence for which the Bar of the United States is famous will suffer no diminution so far as it depends on his exertion. As statesman, he will obtain the votes of his new compatriots, and be exalted with universal applause to the highest offices. As soldier, should occasion arise, he will add fresh laurels to those so gloriously gathered on the blood-stained fields of "Capua and Voltorno."

#### MR. SPURGEON AND THE BISHOPS.

TWO or three curious paragraphs have been going the rounds of the clerical and so-called religious papers. One is, that Dr. Thomson, the distinguished Provost of Queen's, and who is in the chrysalis of the Episcopate, has declined to fulfil an engagement to lecture for the Christian Young Men's Association because his name was associated, among other lecturers in an Exeter Hall series, with that of Mr. Spurgeon. Dr. Thomson's letter to the secretary has appeared, and though no reference is made to Mr. Spurgeon, and there may be other and sufficient matters to occupy the time and thoughts of one about to be bishopped, a certain previous correspondence with the secretary is recorded, which indicates, or seems to indicate, a hitch somewhere. If Dr. Thomson has declined to row in a boat in which Mr. Spurgeon takes an oar, we entirely approve of his or any other gentleman's reluctance to be bracketed with a person of this sort. It is an indication that a better type of Palmerston Bishop has at last been thought of. A Bishop is not in his place coquetting with Spurgeon, writing pretty letters to him and to shining lights of "the Nonconformist pulpit," and congratulating them on their labours and successes.

We are not saying whether it is right or wrong to take a favourable estimate of Mr. Spurgeon's career. This is quite an open question. But it is one which, from the nature of the case, is closed to a Bishop. His position has settled his aspect towards dissent. If Mr. Spurgeon is right, and is doing the right sort of thing, why then a Bishop must feel that he and his spiritual supremacy, his title and his salary, his purple and fine linen, are all a mistake and a superfluity. It is not bigotry or illiberalism in a Bishop to regard his position as exclusive. It follows from the nature of the case. Whether the Episcopate is right or wrong, defensible or indefensible, a usurpation or a divine ordinance, is not a subject on which we shall trouble ourselves. This is a very proper subject for discussion between the Church and the Sects. But, assuming the Episcopate, its exclusiveness follows. Directly a bishop adopts the polite and inclusive line, takes to bowing—or as Sir Archie M'Sycophant calls it, boozing—to his dear dissenting brethren, he turns himself and his office into a solecism and a contradiction. If a man thinks Mr. Spurgeon to be his dear yokefellow, he has a perfect right to his opinion; but then he has no right to be a Bishop. He ought not to enjoy the double privilege of extreme liberalism and an exclusive high position in an ecclesiastical hierarchy. Of course it requires a good deal of sacrifice to take a Bishopric at all. A man who is a Bishop must forego, or ought to forego, popular arts, and attempting to please everybody. He must make up his mind not to go in for the applause of the penny papers. A certain stiffness and some amount of dignity, an element of restraint, perhaps a dash of coldness, and a little discouraging of familiarity, are the price a Bishop pays for being a bishop. It was an old caution addressed to Bishops to take care *ne vilescat Episcopatus*; and we are not

sure that the admonition has lost its occasional propriety and is not wanted in these days. Old-fashioned people begin to remind themselves that though there are certain things which may be right to be done, yet even the value of the thing is much modified by the person who does it. There is a certain moral congruity between the action and the actor. Washing poor people's feet is a very edifying proceeding, but when kings and queens did it as a matter of annual ceremony, the thing was thought to be a hollow and hypocritical make believe; and it was either done by deputy or converted into something more sensible and real. And so to get your boots blacked or the kettle boiled is right and proper, but nothing is gained by an affectation of humility in doing it yourself—still less in asking all the world to admire the edifying spectacle of your humility. So we believe it to be a right thing in its way to go to tea meetings with cabmen, and to preach extempore harangues to the costermongers; but it is quite a question whether it is part of a Bishop's work, as Bishops are. There are different sorts of Bishops; and there is ample room in such an institution as that of the English Church for giving due scope and swing to either variety. A Bishop roughing it in seal-skin boots and eating seals-flesh in Labrador is in his place. But a Bishop of London, or Manchester, or Bristol, is doing his work and fulfilling his mission just as much if he avoids the affectation—for sometimes it amounts to affectation—of doing work which, however necessary to be done, looks something like an effort at clap-trap when done in this way and by these hands. We very much doubt whether it sufficiently occurs to Bishops, at least to some of them, that their mission is not confined to the slums, and that what perhaps—and it is only perhaps—they gain in one direction, they may be losing in another. Among the Home Missions and Domestic Missions of the day, one addressed to the thought and education of England is just as much needed as to the interesting cadgers and thieves of her rookeries.

We have been led into this train of thought about an English Bishop's proper place in such a complex social state as that of a cultivated and intellectual community chequered by brutalized masses, by a letter which Mr. Spurgeon, in the *Baptist Magazine*, quotes from the Bishop of London. Assuming that the letter is genuine, it is very likely that the Bishop only meant to be civil to the Baptist preacher, and wrote a letter of ordinary conventionalism and platitude. Certainly it is expressed in terms which the Bishop never expected to see in print. To thank God for the triumphs of a sectarian preacher is odd language from a Bishop. Mr. Spurgeon, of course, makes capital out of it, smacks his lips at the rich lump of Episcopal adulation, and swells and puffs with new and not unnatural complacency at the splendid testimonial. No doubt the Bishop of London's letter to Spurgeon is by this time framed and glazed, and has been hailed with lively gratitude at nonconformist tea-tables and at pious *soirées*. But how has it been received by the educated laymen—by the clergy—by the thought, refinement, and education of old traditional Church of England men? Perhaps Bishops have no duties towards the sons and daughters who are ever with them; and in the alternative, between adulating Spurgeon and alienating the loyalty or chilling the affection of their own members, it may be right to coax the Baptist minister even at the risk of disgusting the Churchman. But a Bishop cannot serve two masters. He cannot flirt with Spurgeon and be faithful to her with whom he has contracted a spiritual marriage. Spiritual polygamy is never less respectable than when countenanced by Bishops.

Not that it is ascertained that the Bishop's letter was written since the infamous Gorilla and Shrew lectures. Most likely Mr. Spurgeon publishes it only to avert that waning popularity which the newspapers announce. The Tabernacle Lecturer now begins to lose his temper, and we have received a report of one of his late lectures—that delivered on Friday week—which seems to show that the bubble has completely burst, and that he now defies that storm of general ridicule and indignation which has succeeded to his popularity. The lecture was on Dogs; and in the course of it, speaking of jackals, the reverend gentleman remarked, calling the attention of the audience to two respectable reporters who were present—"I dare say you often see one or two of these jackals—for jackals are not the lion's providers, but live on the lion's scraps—men evidently out for a day or two's holiday, dressed in clothes just taken out of pawn, after emerging from a public-house with the proceeds of an abusive article written after one of my lectures—men you seldom see, and won't see again till you see them following me. Well," continued the lecturer, "I am content to be the lion, and long may I provide for the gratification of these gentry of the press." A man must be going to the dogs, in more senses than one, who ventures upon this sort of language. Whether the jackals who write articles about this lion of the New Cut pawn their clothes and frequent public-houses, it is not for us to say; but, as regards reporters in general, whom Mr. Spurgeon thought it right to affront in this way, we may say that we have some experience of even penny-a-liners, and we know them to be generally speaking honest, hard-working, painstaking, incorruptible men, who, though poor, have generally received the benefits both of education and of travel, and who, alike in manners and feeling, are more than the equals of Mr. Spurgeon—except, perhaps, in the circumstance that Bishops do not correspond with them.

## THE THEATRES.

IT is said that while the novel of *Clarissa Harlowe* was in progress, Richardson received several letters from deeply interested female readers, imploring him to save the life of the persecuted heroine. To many a kindly soul her death was not only an affliction, but a disappointment. Something like a feeling of this sort was manifest among the Adelphi audience on the first night of Mr. Boucicault's *Octoroon*, which has at last taken the place of the *Colleen Bawn*. They saw an interesting young lady, who had been brought up in luxury, and was deeply beloved by her own cousin, not only snatched from his embraces, but sold with the rest of his live stock, because she had a drop of black blood in her veins, and there had been an informality in the circumstances of her emancipation. These woes they beheld, not only with resignation, but with pleasure, for they knew that a cheque was on its way from Liverpool which would enable the amiable young planter to re-purchase his cousin; and they also saw the miscreant, who, urged by a lawless passion, had basely become master of the *Octoroon*, running about the swamps of Louisiana, vainly endeavouring to elude the vengeance of a wild Indian, whose companion, a little negro boy, he had cruelly murdered. The long series of sufferings was, as they fondly imagined, to be followed by an outpouring of happiness, the intensity of which would only be heightened by preceding calamities. Alas! the bad man is killed, the cheque comes safe to hand, and the high road to felicity seems perfectly straight and smooth; but the *Octoroon*, unable to support the miseries of her position, has hastily swallowed a dose of poison, and dies in her lover's arms. The charming manner in which she is played by Mrs. Boucicault, only makes the case all the worse; for the pretty victim has not only secured three lovers on the stage, but a host of admirers in the front of the house, and if the two survivors among the former can be stoical, the latter are not such thorough disciples of the Porch that, without wincing, they can see their favourite die before their eyes.

The reason of the death of the *Octoroon* will be obvious to all who know that the piece was originally played in the Southern States of America. There, no catastrophe would be so shocking as a marriage between a Creole and a coloured woman, however slight the colour might be; and Sophocles might as well have attempted to make his tragedy end happily by settling (Edipus comfortably with Jocasta, as a dramatist South (and perhaps even North) of the Potomac to bring a tale to a cheerful conclusion by allowing a planter to become the lawful husband of an *Octoroon*. There must always be this disadvantage in stories connected with slavery when presented to an European public—that the audience, while fully understanding and abhorring the "domestic institution," do not sufficiently appreciate the prejudice of caste to recognise it as the motive for a tragic collision. The law of Louisiana, that forbids an amiable young gentleman to marry a pretty young woman, merely because there is an infinitesimal drop of black blood in her veins, seems as absurd to an Englishman or a Frenchman as a memorial custom that requires for the lord the tribute of a rose at Christmas, and a snowball on Midsummer-day. If George Peyton, the planter, wants to marry Zoe, the *Octoroon*, why cannot he come to Europe, where every empire, kingdom, duchy, and republic would be willing to receive him? So asks the large-souled Cockney, who feels that if he were dissatisfied with the parochial institutions of St. Pancras, he could at once betake himself to Marylebone.

Whether the public, case-hardened, will learn to like the death of the beautiful Zoe, or whether Mr. Boucicault, by a grand *coup-d'état*, will repeal the law of Louisiana and allow her to live, there is no doubt that the *Octoroon* will prove highly attractive, even though it should not attain a longevity like that of the *Colleen Bawn*. There is a capital representation of a slave sale, spiced with a bowie-knife skirmish; there is the strong excitement of a ship on fire; and there is an excellent Yankee, admirably played by Mr. Boucicault, who promises to convince the public that he is the most versatile comedian of the day. In one or two places the drama might be advantageously compressed; but generally the author is short and sharp in his treatment, and never gives signs that he is a hopeless martyr to the *cacœthes scribendi*. This is the more remarkable, as a tendency of our modern dramatists to indulge in excessive prolixity, which was sufficiently manifest a twelvemonth ago, now appears with greater violence than ever. There is evidently a love of length for its own sake; and as some twelve years since the American exhibitors of moving panoramas used to boast, not of the beauty of their painted landscapes, but of the quantity of square yards they covered, so the glory of the normal British playwright is evidently measured, in his own mind, by the number of hours which the representation of his work will occupy. Nothing like a wish to abridge the time of toil ever crosses his mind—he is a very Adam Bede in his love of labour. Indeed, if ever there should be such a thing as a strike among the literary gentlemen who satisfy our appetites for the intellectual viands of the stage, it will take place upon a principle diametrically opposite to that of the malecontent masons and builders. "Shorten the hours of labour, without reduction of wages," cries the incensed mechanic. "We don't want more money; but let us work extra hours for our own pleasure, and let the public patiently contemplate the produce of our toil"—such will be the shout of the enthusiastic dramatist.

That the general feeling of the age is in favour of brevity, has

been universally admitted. Novel readers would take fright at one of Madlle. Scudéry's huge romances. The lovers of poetry find it a hard matter to digest an epic. To this spirit of frivolity the normal dramatist shows a most determined resistance. If the public does not know what is good for it, he does. It shall not have the light confectionary which it craves, without the heavy beef and pudding, which it does not want. The graceful dance, the brilliant scene, the stirring "sensation," the comic delineation of character, are not grudged, nay, they are most liberally offered; but they must be taken in conjunction with a story that threatens to be interminable, or with dialogue that oppresses with its ponderosity. If Diogenes reappeared in our days, he would not have to look far for an honest man. The first dramatist he met would utterly baffle his cynical intention, and prove that his lantern was superfluous. Seated in the pit of a theatre, the old snarler would perceive that there is at least one trade in which the desire that as much as possible should be given for the money is felt less keenly by the purchaser than by the vender.

For instance, there is the great "sensation drama" at the Lyceum—*Peep o' Day*; or, *Savourneen Deelish*, which deservedly attracts a multitude of spectators. It is founded on one of the O'Hara tales, and the points of interest which it presents are similar to those of the *Colleen Bawn*, while there is an additional cause of excitement in the connexion of the story with the facts of the Irish rebellion. A thriving gentleman wishes to get rid of a wife who, though not very unequal to him in station, is an impediment to his ambitious schemes; and murder suggests itself as a ready way for throwing off the incumbrance. Eily O'Connor was pitched into a lake for upwards of two hundred successive nights, and fished up again by a hopeless lover. Kathleen Kavanagh is decoyed to the bottom of a quarry, and would there be murdered by a hired assassin, did not her brother seize the top of a tree, which, bending down with him, enables him to effect her rescue. A comic priest and a shrewd peasant, played by Mr. Addison and Mr. Falconer, poke their fun at each other at the Lyceum, much as Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Stephenson exchanged jokes at the Adelphi. A faction fight at a "pattern," and a vociferous chant of the "Shan Van Vogt," by a mob of Ribandmen, are supplementary to the grand "sensation" of the prevented murder. Now, all the main features in this piece are as effective as could be desired. The scene of the quarry, which seems massed together out of solid materials, excites wonder, even among those who are aware of the merits of Mr. Telbin. A charming landscape does honour to the long-esteemed pencil of Mr. Grieve, and the faction fight, of which Mr. Oscar Byrne is the directing Mars, is a marvellous specimen of stage management. These things delight every one who beholds them, and will probably delight many more for weeks to come. But the author, Mr. Falconer, disdaining to rely on mere effects, resolves that his play shall be a work of literary art, makes his personages, whether principal or secondary, talk as much dialogue as possible, and will not allow the great sensation to be experienced until a copious supply of unexciting words has been duly swallowed and digested. On the first night of performance, people began to doubt whether the quarry scene would come at all, so many were the prefatory scenes by which it was introduced. Their situation might be compared to that of a student, who, feverishly anxious to read the *Hecuba* of Euripides, is obliged first to master the celebrated preface in which Porson lays down the canon for tragic verse.

However, we do not regard Mr. Falconer as the chief fanatic in the cause of prolixity. At any rate, a complicated story must be told, in order to render his chief situation intelligible; and his dialogue is written with a degree of care, and with a simple earnestness of purpose, which certainly entitle him to respect. Moreover, the success of his comedies has shown to him that there is a large number of persons who take pleasure in the ethical solidity of his speeches; and he may rightly argue that, when he has floated well without the aid of corks, he cannot be otherwise than triumphant, with the powerful assistance of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. Taken altogether, *Peep o' Day* is a fine spectacle; and those who do not see it will miss a favourable opportunity of learning the perfection which scenic art has attained in the theatres of the present day.

For an instance of real zealous, self-denying worship of lengthiness we should look to the Haymarket. An actor named Sothorn, once known at Birmingham, has attained a great reputation in the United States by his representation of Lord Dundreary—a violent caricature of English aristocracy, devised, no doubt, to flatter the prejudices of an equality-loving populace. Having played this character no less than eight hundred times in America, Mr. Sothorn has come to the Haymarket to favour the London public with the results of his long practice. His success is enormous, but it is not greater than his deserts, for if he can play other parts with such strongly marked individuality as Lord Dundreary, he must be one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the day. The character he assumes is of the most hackneyed kind—an inane fop, who institutes the "w" for the "r," and gives additional prominence to his native stupidity by the extreme superciliousness of his manner. If we abstract from *Punch* one of Mr. John Leech's guardsmen, and make him a fool as well as a coxcomb, we have the exact resemblance of Lord Dundreary. To do anything new with a type of character that, with more or less modification, has continued on the stage since the time, at least, of Charles II., would seem a hopeless task; but such is the genius of Mr. Sothorn, that, confined to a well-beaten path, he



proves himself thoroughly original. A state of intellectual fog could not be more strikingly exhibited. You see the unhappy lord fancying that an idea is within his grasp, and vainly struggling to catch it, till at last he abandons the pursuit, not in despair, but with a satisfied feeling that the toil is over. So dull is his apprehension and so insulating is his egotism, that the whole world lies beyond the reach of his sympathies, and presents to him an endless series of miracles, which he regards with stupid complacency, and for which he can only account on the hypothesis that every living creature but himself is a lunatic. The effect which Mr. Sothorn produces on his audience may be judged from the circumstance that a letter which he reads aloud in a manner irresistibly stupid is nightly encored like a popular song.

But while we give Mr. Sothorn all the welcome due to a new artist, who, though not a student of nature like Mr. F. Robson, is a master in the art of fanciful creation, we do not see why he should be compelled to witness a long dull piece, half farce, half domestic drama, with the plot of which Lord Dundreary has little or nothing to do. This eccentric figure alone gives value to *Our American Cousin*—as it is called; and yet, strange to say, he might be omitted entirely, and the story would rumble on in all its dreary integrity. Why could he not have been made the hero of two or three lively scenes, with Mr. Buckstone pitted against him, as he is now, as an ideal of unsophisticated Yankeeism, without further trouble? Why is it impossible to enjoy his humour without being compelled to witness the adventures of a ruined merchant, an oppressive usurer, and a contrite clerk, who quets with brandy the voice of an evil conscience? Obviously, because there is such a decided tendency to cultivate length for its own sake, that even the smallest gem of fun cannot be offered without a broad expanse of setting.

The little theatre in Dean-street, Soho, scarcely known even to the most resolute playgoers, has been opened as the "Royalty," by Madlle. Albina di Rhona. This lady is the dancing *soubrette* who, some time ago, made her *début* at the St. James's, and under her management an entertainment of a light, gay, sparkling character, partaking of the nature of ballet, was certainly to be expected. Vain expectation! She opened her house with a grim melodrama, entitled *Atar Gull*, and embodying all Eugene Sue's tale of nigger vengeance, and though the performances commenced at seven, she herself did not begin to dance till after ten. Other dancers there were not, and in Dean-street, as elsewhere, do we find the worship of the ponderous and the proselike. Even Shakspeare's *Othello*, in itself by no means short, becomes longer under modern influences. At the Princess's, the improved decorations necessitate an extension of the intervals between the acts. At Drury Lane, the acts themselves are elongated by Mr. G. V. Brooke's measured elocution.

## REVIEWS.

### HARRIS ON CIVILIZATION.\*

CIVILIZATION and progress are words so current in the mouths of men, and we see on every side such abundant signs of the success of what is ordinarily called civilization, that no inquiry can be more natural than to examine what it is exactly that we mean by the term. It is also very natural for any inquirer to think that so vast a subject can only be mastered by a systematic method of investigation, and to lay down, as a matter of convenience, that the true way of treating civilization is to look on it as a science. Mr. Harris, in this volume, has tried to work out this notion. He tells us that civilization is a science, and that we must begin by examining what its end is, and then must inquire what are the means by which this end is reached. No one can deny that an end may be laid down which at least looks very like the end of civilization, and that the chief means by which this end may be attained can be gathered from the experience of the present and the past. Mr. Harris lays down that the meaning of civilization is the triumph of talent and virtue; that it is the supremacy of the moral and mental over the mere sensual part of man; and that this supremacy is exhibited in the gradual perfection of the individual, and in the arrangement of a State so that merit and ability are rewarded, and individuals are encouraged to do themselves justice. If we once assume this to be the end of civilization, it is very easy to point out the chief means by which it may be brought about. There are religion and education, and good laws, and a good form of government, and intercourse of one nation with another, and so forth. Mr. Harris tells us that he has found out all the means by which the end may be attained, and has classed them under the right heads. There is nothing like an author swearing by his own performance to make it imposing and successful; and so very few people will think it worth while to examine whether Mr. Harris has made his classification exhaustive, that he need not much fear confutation. But we do not accept his method. We do not believe that we really get to learn anything about civilization by treating it in this scientific way. Any inquiry into the means by which men and States may gradually be perfected is only

apparently the same as an inquiry into civilization. As a fact, what we call civilization does do some good to man; but we want to know what this good exactly is—by what drawbacks it is accompanied—and how far the good itself is likely to extend, so far as we can tell by experience. It is a vast leap practically from civilization to perfectibility; and although, theoretically, if once improvement is assumed, we may inquire whither improvement will, if uninterrupted, carry us, we cannot treat the theory as a fact without passing into a wholly different range of ideas from those which civilization presents. Those writers who have inquired into civilization historically have really contributed something to our knowledge, because they have explained existing facts, so far as their explanations are correct. M. Guizot undertook to show from what sources in the history of mediæval Europe the main elements of modern civilization had been derived. Mr. Buckle has attempted to show that modern civilization is mainly dependent for its continuance on the study of physical science. Mr. Mill, again, has investigated another set of facts, and has endeavoured to prove that modern civilization is the source of evil as well as good, and that its especial drawback is the increasing restraint it imposes on individual liberty. From all those writers we learned something. We gained a clearer notion, whether obtained by agreement or disagreement with their views, on some of the most important of that very vague set of facts which we call civilization. We may of course use civilization in another sense. We may push its import until it embraces—what in theory it ought perhaps to embrace—the utmost limits of human improvement. But there is no reason to suppose we should gain by doing so. Very often a word loses by being too much defined and explained. If civilization is to mean human perfectibility, we should have to invent another word to express the vague result of those symptoms of improvement, crossed by the shadow of great impending dangers, which we rapidly sum up under the one word civilization. At the end of his volume, we feel that Mr. Harris has not really been writing about civilization, but has merely been laying down propositions about his ideal of humanity and of human governments.

To discuss the character and the means of human perfectibility in a moderate-sized volume necessarily condemns a writer to be either superficial or to write with a pregnant conciseness, and to hint rather than explain what he means. If Bacon had chosen to treat Mr. Harris's subject in Mr. Harris's space, he would undoubtedly have given us very much to think over. But Mr. Harris is a writer who says what is very unobjectionable, but who has only just what any tolerably sensible man may have to say on a big subject. He writes also in a pompous and lengthy style. Accordingly his book is to the last degree superficial. It lays down propositions to which we give a sort of apathetic assent, because they are perfectly obvious in one sense and perfectly unpractical and useless in another. When an author says that merit ought to be rewarded in a State, we do not exactly agree or disagree with him. We allow that it ought to be rewarded, but we know that the whole difficulty lies, not in stating the general proposition, but in laying down what merit is, and who is to reward it, and how. In the same way, the means by which the end of human perfectibility is to be secured are in a certain way indisputable. Of course nations ought to be religious, and religion ought to be respected, and nations ought to be educated, and education ought to be sound and practical, and so forth—but the statement of all this only involves a series of barren platitudes. We learn nothing on such subjects unless we descend to details. Mr. Harris has a chapter on what he calls Moral Jurisprudence, which he tells us is a field neglected by previous writers, and on his treatment of which he especially prides himself. We read on and on through this chapter without coming to anything. We do not even learn what moral jurisprudence is. Sometimes it appears to consist of those laws which are especially directed to the moral or religious improvement of the nation. An Act regulating or forbidding Sunday trading would, we presume, be a specimen of moral jurisprudence. But it occurred to Mr. Harris that it was exceedingly hard to draw the line between one Act of Parliament and another in this respect; and so he ultimately tells us that all Acts of Parliament are in one sense a part of moral jurisprudence, as no one can say that any enactment of the Legislature does not in some way affect the morals of the people. So all jurisprudence turns out to be moral, and the conclusion to which we are brought is, that in order to attain human perfectibility, the enactments of the supreme power in States are powerful instruments, and that it is highly important that all those enactments should be just what they ought to be. Perhaps it is not so very wonderful, after all, that Mr. Harris should have been the first to publish this as a discovery in ethics, and that no one has thought it worth while to steal or anticipate his thunder.

It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Harris never descends into details. He every now and then has a hobby on the subject he is discussing, and he takes out his hobby for an airing, and gives it plenty of exercise. If an author is writing a treatise on the means by which man or society may be made all they ought to be, and he has any fancies of his own, nothing can be more natural than that he should work those fancies into his scheme, and should commend them as the appointed instruments by which the great end is to be attained. The worth of the fancies depends, of course, entirely on the worth

\* *Civilization considered as a Science, in relation to its Essence, its Elements, and its End.* By George Harris, F.R.S. London: Bell and Daldy. 1861.

of the man who entertains them. It is absurd to deny that a writer may, in the most hasty and parenthetical manner, give the most valuable hints as to very great departments of human action. There are fragments of Coleridge and Goethe, for example, which, in a few broken and disconnected sentences, guide the way to fields of thought which will at least repay the trouble of serious investigation. But there is one quality which all these suggestive hints of truth must have—they must show that they come from a mind that understands the ordinary difficulties of the subject discussed. We must feel that we are taken beyond the region of those primary objections which our reason offers to the truth hinted at. This is exactly where writers like Mr. Harris break down. The fancies of a superficial, pretentious man are absolutely worthless, because we know at once that he has shut his eyes resolutely to all that could thwart his fancies. He either will not, or does not, see what are the obstacles which his proposal must encounter; and as his suggestions generally refer to very big and difficult subjects, there is not much chance that he should stumble, even by accident, on a good thought. It would be hard to find a better instance of the sort of impertinent rashness with which popular dabblers in great subjects suggest remedies for the evils they think they detect than is afforded by Mr. Harris's dissertation on the English Church. He laments the narrowness of its limits, and suggests that it should be extended so as to include "all who profess and call themselves Christians, all who receive and believe fully the inspired Scriptures." It is obvious that this would include both Roman Catholics and Mormons, as well as all intermediate sects. But this is not what Mr. Harris really means. What he evidently wants is to get in all the Protestant Dissenting ministers who think pretty much as he does. It is astonishing that any one, at this time of day, after all that has been said and written for the last thirty or forty years, can think that he is offering a new suggestion in proposing this, or that he should not think it necessary to advert to the difficulties which beset any extension of the kind. Doctrinal differences he may not feel bound to notice, or may be prepared to disregard. But he ought certainly to advert to a much more tangible objection—viz., that among the set of people he would wish to include would be many who are exactly the most illiberal, uncivilized, ignorant set the Church could get hold of, and that, so far as the Church is working towards the triumph of civilization and the perfectibility of man, its work would be most seriously impeded by placing itself under subjection to a class of persons who, with all their virtues, are at an incomparably lower level of intellect, knowledge, and feeling, than the founders of the English Church. Civilization may bring about a different state of things. There are many ways in which persons of all sects are now influenced otherwise than by the direct teaching of their persuasion; and if directly their education was improved, and their mental standard heightened, the objection to the admission of the sects favoured by Mr. Harris, which is founded on their tendency to drag the Church down, would of course be untenable. But now this tendency is very palpable and very dangerous, and we cannot think highly of a writer who passes it over without any notice whatever.

The fancies of a superficial philosopher are sure, however, to embrace not only great subjects, but small. It is an amusement of such a writer as Mr. Harris not only to throw out random suggestions for the radical alteration of great institutions, but to work up little schemes for some very trifling improvement. It is the pleasure and ease of framing the details that constitutes the attraction. Many projectors of great schemes love to dally with the decorative part, and to show their skill in calculating exactly how one or two very trifling minutiae could best be managed. One of the projectors of a tunnel thirty miles long under the Channel was rather vague as to his tubes, and as to the millions they would cost; but he was great on the arrangements he would make for building a nice house at each end, and on the gas which this house would require. So Mr. Harris has rather hazy notions of Church Reform, but he is very strong and very clear on what he terms Commemorative Festivals. He wishes to have twelve festivals kept by the nation—four to commemorate great men, four to commemorate great constitutional events, and four to commemorate great inventions. For instance, he proposes to abolish the burning of Guy Fauxes on the 5th of November, and, instead, to celebrate on that day the invention of gunpowder. There is scarcely any proposal which would be rejected by Englishmen with more unmixed contempt. Perhaps the contempt would exceed philosophical bounds. It is certainly more defensible, theoretically, to celebrate great inventions than to keep alive the memory of so very obscure an historical personage as Guy Faux. But practically in England the notion of starting a bran new festival in honour of the human intellect, and of getting little boys to celebrate gunpowder in the abstract, is in the last degree ludicrous. English festivals grow, and are not made. It is by a sort of accident that some days are kept and others are not kept, and we should as soon think of taking off our boots or washing our hands on scientific principles as of arranging our holidays on them. Let us hope that this means of arriving at perfectibility is not indispensable, and that civilization may go on in England without our abstaining from work on the 8th of May because it was the day of the publication of Newton's *Principia*, and without our taking advantage of the 14th of February being the anniversary of the

death of Captain Cook to meditate all day on the discovery of the compass. Superficial people would be apt to be sadly disturbed in their blissful meditations by the thought that, if the only use of the compass were to guide mariners to countries where they are killed and eaten by savages, it might as well not have been discovered.

#### THE ROMANCE OF A DULL LIFE.\*

THIS is a novel standing somewhere between those of Miss Austen and those of Miss Brontë. It has affinities with each of the schools which they represent. The treatment of the central figure is a good deal after the manner of the latter authoress. Apart from this, there is a great deal of the same descriptive power, the same picturesque style which may be found in *Jane Eyre*. On the other hand, many of the minor characters are delineated in a way that reminds us of Miss Austen. They are not mere sketches thrown in by way of contrast, or as foils to the principals, in which light too many novelists are apt to regard them. They bear the mark of high finish; and when they talk or act, it is with a consistency which indicates so many complete conceptions. And, speaking generally, these pages are marked by nice observation of character, and readiness in seizing on its salient points, as well as by a vein of quiet satire, such as that which gives piquancy to *Emma* or *Pride and Prejudice*. We shall take occasion, further on, to point out where it falls immeasurably below the standard of excellence to which we have compared it. But it is no slight praise to say that in some respects it approaches that standard. We cannot refrain from adding a word of advice. The *Romance of a Dull Life* is marked by freshness and originality, but there are indications of its authoress having not yet arrived at her full powers. It is interesting, not only on its own account, but also as holding out the promise of something still better. If that promise is ever to be realized, it will be by a closer study of human nature from its objective side, and by checking the propensity to dive into psychological problems and the complex mechanism of motives and feelings. If human nature is to be painted in colours that will last, the basis of the portraiture must be something broader and more solid than the mere sensational experience of the artist. A novel should reflect life as it appears from the outside to any intelligent observer—not the idiosyncrasy of one mind, however gifted. If the authoress of the volume with which we are now dealing is wise, she will aim at lessening the distance which separates her from Miss Austen, rather than that which still lies between herself and Miss Brontë. If she must drink of both, let it be in larger proportions from the still well of Hampshire than the boiling passionate geyser of the West Riding.

Of course only one thing can impart romance to a dull life—namely, love. Constance Felton is a young lady who leads a very secluded life in the country where her father owns an estate, but, owing to embarrassed circumstances, does not mix at all in society. Mr. Basil Hyde, a young man of fortune, is staying, when the story opens, in the neighbourhood, and makes the acquaintance of the Feltons. An attachment springs up between him and Constance. The effect which each produces on the other is very happily described, and with great delicacy of touch. Constance, who is thoughtful and intelligent, but utterly unsophisticated, can only fall down and worship the hero of her dreams. The man of the world, on the other hand, is interested and fascinated, but makes his advances nevertheless with extreme caution. After sundry meetings at the house of a mutual friend, as well as in each other's homes, affairs appear ripening for an *éclaircissement*, when an unfortunate occurrence mars all. Constance had agreed to ride home from a picnic party with Basil, who was about to go abroad, and intended to declare himself before leaving. This afternoon is the crisis of her life. Her father, anxious for her health, insists on her returning from the party in a carriage; and Basil, not knowing the reason of her apparently fickle conduct, leaves the neighbourhood the next day in dudgeon, without any explanation. Subsequently a report reaches him that she is engaged to another man; but, as a motive for Mr. Hyde's conduct, this is kept quite in the background. After a while, he returns from Italy, where he has fallen in with a dashing young lady, Miss Anne Cartaret, who ultimately succeeds in catching him; not, however, before he has met Constance Felton once more, and had full opportunity for removing all misunderstanding with regard to their mutual feelings. But this he is too proud to attempt doing, conceiving himself to be the injured party, and being blind to the true state of her heart. So he drifts into a marriage with a woman he despises, leaving the real object of his affections to die of a broken heart. This, however, is not to be her fate. She finds a consoler in the person of a Welsh uncle, who gives her excellent advice, and endeavours to promote her marriage with a pleasant young doctor who attends him. But Constance is too faithful to the memory of her first love to think of a second; so she returns to her home, and the dull life there from which all romance has now faded. The curtain falls on her peacefully engaged in all kinds of good works, discharging the duties of a daughter and sister with exemplary devotion.

\* *The Romance of a Dull Life*. By the Author of "Morning Clouds" and "The Afternoon of Life." London: Longmans. 1861.



The story which we have thus briefly analysed is not very new nor particularly well constructed. Nothing can be more remote from ordinary probability than that a casual disappointment, as in the matter of the ride, should so rankle in any sensible mind as to entail such disastrous consequences. As the crisis of the story, it is wholly inadequate. Here is the happiness of two very superior persons, both endowed with great intelligence, ruined through a misconception of the most trivial kind. This is a fault of construction which seriously vitiates the interest of the story. Blunders of this sort Miss Austen never commits; and in nothing is her art more admirably shown than in the rational and intelligible way in which the events she describes unfold themselves. When she deduces consequences, they are such as would ordinarily ensue upon such and such acts or occurrences—not what might possibly follow in a total eclipse of common sense. Nor are the characters of Constance and the hero of her romance calculated to awaken legitimate sympathy. The hapless love of the first is told with great pathos, and its various stages of uncertainty, rapture, anxiety, despair, and resignation, are described with great force and power of expression. But she is little more than an object of pity. We have had enough of this morbidly sensitive, nervous, self-conscious type of heroine. We feel provoked at her headaches, and long for her to get rid of her feelings. What good is there in the study of Clarendon, and Channing, and Behmen, if the result is only moral imbecility in any important crisis? We protest, too, against the transcendental absurdity of degrading love to a mere question of taste. Struck by compunction for the gross ill-treatment her heroine has suffered at the hands of Basil Hyde, our authoress ends by asking, with great *naïveté*, what he had done to deserve her love? Very little indeed, that we can see. Her answer, however, is different. He had been all that her taste required. A broken heart is a heavy price to pay for the gratification of taste. This is indulging an æsthetic turn with a vengeance. Constance's taste happened to be for a certain sort of flashy small-talk, in which Mr. Basil Hyde was a great adept. But the tastes of women differ. Six feet four of scarlet and blue cloth is all that the taste of Betsy Jane requires. But she probably finds the predilection expensive in more ways than one; and her mistress will do well to warn her against indulging it. In love affairs, the more restraint women put upon their tastes the better. Let them be guided, in placing their affections, by sterling good qualities on the part of those to whom they would entrust their happiness. One word as to Basil himself. He is not quite such a brute as Rochester in *Jane Eyre*. But he has thus much in common with that character, that he is essentially a man evolved out of the internal consciousness of a woman. Jane Eyre worshipped an impersonation of animal force; Constance Felton erects mere intellectual smartness into ideal perfection. It matters little to either that her pet fancy is found in connexion with egotism and self-conceit, and with either incredible obtuseness or a wanton disregard of another person's feelings.

We turn with relief to the minor characters of the story. Many of these are well drawn, and almost all have a distinct individuality of their own. Mrs. Felton, the stepmother of Constance, is sensible, but commonplace. She has a mind of the Martha type, always revolving the petty problems of the household. Nothing can be happier than the following:—"Mrs. Felton woke up the day after the Hydes left Ashenholt with a comfortable feeling that *now* they would be themselves again, and need not use the best breakfast service." Mrs. Robert Felton is a woman of another kind. She is an embodiment of fashionable religion. Her conversation is a curious compound of worldly interests and religious phraseology. Constance goes to stay with her aunt, who sets herself to improve the opportunity of having her niece under her roof:—

One day when they were alone together upstairs, she exhorted her to avoid the snares of self-righteousness, or cease from her own works, to make sure of her election; and when, from modesty, or sheer weariness of ineffectual argument, Constance remained silent, she added, she knew her dear niece would be much edified if she would study a few sweet biographies which she was going to put in her hands. In vain did Constance point out that the works about which she thought it *right* to be anxious were not those outward performances on which pride or self-pleasing could build, but those works of the Spirit which are spoken of in Scripture as the only test of a living faith. Mrs. Robert Felton could not enter into such nice distinctions, and jumping up as the door-bell rung, went to the glass to smooth her curls, saying, with glib emphasis, "By faith, my love, by faith are ye saved," and was out of the room in another second.

Johanna Podmore is a good picture of another school of religion—the sincere but morose. In all that she said or did, there was the unmistakeable stamp of religious motive. Her mind was very narrow, but intent on the fulfilment of duty. The effect which contact with such a nature produces on one more frank and gentle is described with great delicacy. "Constance felt the softness and sweetness of her own nature come against the harder manner of the other with a contrast unpleasant to both—less so to herself, for she was more conversant in differences of character, than to Johanna, who, in her unpliant bluntness, knew not what *instinctive* courtesy meant. When, therefore, Constance spoke to her, the effect produced was often as evident as on the application of soda to acid—something equal to a hiss—a rougher manner and a harsher tone, making Constance aware that unless she could veil her own constitutional delicacy and grace they would be mistaken for affectation, and despised accordingly." There is a pleasant picture of an old maid who haunts the

village where Constance lives—"one of those cheerful monuments of complete resignation which may be met with in almost any village or town, walking about briskly in clothes of defunct fashion, with a joyousness that many young hearts might envy." One of the prettiest touches in the book is the way in which, after her own troubles, the heart of Constance instinctively warms towards this old lady, whom she had previously thought somewhat of a bore. "It did not take long to disinter the buried treasure of her patient heart—its grave was green still; a prelude of sighs, and it all came out—declared affection on both sides, a father's stern prohibition, a lover's speedy attachment to another, his widowhood, and comparatively recent marriage to an intimate friend of her own, 'though he knew, my dear, that I remained single.'" Her story moved her hearer to tears; but Miss Tennent only took another piece of muffin.

These are some of the subordinate personages who figure in this tale. The *forte* of the authoress seems to us to lie in the delineation of the various phases of female character. She is less successful with her men—least of all when she writes with sympathy. The best of her male characters, we think, is James Podmore, a discarded lover of Constance. He is a heavy young man, with a talent for business. With neither wit nor penetration, he had a great desire for exactness, and just that sort of detective agility of mind which enabled him at once to overtake a cleverer person in the commission of a blunder or unconscious misstatement. Constance found herself often tripped up, as she ran on in some amusing recital, by his grave voice begging her pardon, but she must be aware that so-and-so was a slightly incorrect statement. Probably most of us have at some time or other suffered under this kind of conversational Shylock.

We have said enough to indicate that this is a novel decidedly above the common run. In spite of a somewhat diffused style, and occasional obscurity, it contains many eloquent and striking passages. It will be the fault of the authoress if it is not the precursor of greater achievements.

#### PROFESSOR BERNARD ON PENDING INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.\*

THE younger Professors of the University of Oxford will give a new value to their offices if they pursue the mode of teaching which they have apparently commenced. The instruction in their departments is understood to be given partly by Catechetical and partly by Public Lectures, which last are elaborate compositions of such a form as to admit of being printed for the use of the world outside the University. The Professor of Modern History and the Professor of International Law seem to have recently selected the subjects of their Public Lectures from the questions of most pressing interest on which the attention of the country happens to be fastened; but, at the same time, they have treated them with the depth of research and accuracy of handling which can only be expected from the professed teacher. The public will be greatly indebted to them if they succeed in correcting the obvious imperfections and supplying the unavoidable omissions of newspaper criticism. Great questions give no notice of their approach; the journalist has to address himself to them with such preparation only as his existing stock of knowledge may provide him with; and though, in the case of our best newspapers, he is frequently in the right, points must constantly be arising which take him at a disadvantage. This is pre-eminently true of International questions, and of such domestic questions as can only be understood under an historical aspect. The difficulty of disabusing the English public of any impressions which it has once received, and the inconveniences arising from its having imbibed incorrect or superficial notions on important matters, render it almost a national benefit when men of thorough knowledge are good enough to discuss the subjects of the day deeply, lucidly, and, above all, promptly.

Mr. Bernard's *Two Lectures on the American War* deal, first of all, with the points which press for the decision of the English Government through the fact of such a contest having arisen, and next with a number of questions of even higher interest, though of less immediate consequence, which are suggested by the situation in which the State-system of the American Union suddenly finds itself placed. We shall at present confine ourselves to his views on the first set of points. The many persons who have talked or written rather loosely about the "recognition" of the Confederate States will be glad to learn from Mr. Bernard what that recognition means, and how far it has already extended. The great point is to draw clearly the distinction between the concession of *belligerent rights* and the recognition of *independence*. As to the first, Mr. Bernard shows conclusively that foreign Powers have really no choice. "For the concession of belligerent rights there is but one necessary, as there is but one sufficient, justification—the existence of war." It is not a matter to be reasoned about, but to be determined by simple observation. "A street riot is not a war, nor a sedition suppressed before it gains head." The combatants must be

*Non caponantes bellum, sed belligerantes;*

there must be "an amount of force and organization on both sides sufficient to admit of a sustained struggle." But, when such a state of things as is here described once exists—a point

\* *Two Lectures on the Present American War*. By Montague Bernard, B.C.L., Chichele Professor of International Law and Diplomacy in the University of Oxford. London: J. H. and J. Parker. 1861.

to be settled, not by law or feeling, but by common sense—the immediate consequence is that belligerent rights must be allowed to both parties by neutral Governments. No publicist has ever expressed a doubt upon the rule; no judge has ever contradicted it; and of all Governments that of the United States most distinctly enunciated it, and applied it to the relations between Spain and her colonies in 1822. Nor is the rule simply established by authority; it necessarily forms part of the Law of Nations, for the simple reason that, if we disaffirmed it, we should be involved in the most monstrous consequences. We must become really, though not actively, participants in the war. "To submit to the visit of a Northern cruiser and resist a Southern one—to recognise the blockade of New Orleans, not being prepared to recognise the blockade of New York—would be tantamount to becoming the allies of the North and the enemies of the South. In a word, we must quarrel with either one or both—an alternative which we are certainly at liberty to decline." Nor would the anomalous results of contradicting the doctrine of public law be limited to neutrals. Since without belligerents there can be no war, and without war there can be no rights of war, it is clear that "a Government which in dealing with foreign nations denies to its adversaries the belligerent character, renounces *ipso facto* the privileges of that character for itself." It confines itself to such rights against foreigners as it can enforce in time of peace. It cannot assume the belligerent right of blockade. It cannot search, arrest, or detain any foreign vessel on the high seas.

When these positions are understood—and there is not one spark of doubt as to their validity—the utter unreasonableness of the clamour excited in the Northern States by the Queen's Proclamation must be taken as completely demonstrated. At first, the outcry was the fruit of pure ignorance of the law; but afterwards, when the truth was dimly seen, the justification for these complaints was thought to be mended by averring that, though the English Government was contingently entitled to grant belligerent rights to the South, it had outraged the North by granting them too promptly. This is simply the common error of importing feeling into a question of fact. It is like a lady out of temper abusing her husband because he observes that it is a fine day. Which of the disputants is in the right is sometimes proved by the lady's shortly going out for a walk in thin shoes; and it was shown in the case of the Northerners by their promptly proceeding to blockade Charleston and New Orleans.

The concession of belligerent rights is a temporary and provisional recognition of a State contending for sovereignty. The recognition of its "independence" is a point of a different order, involving more serious issues. The general rule on the subject is perfectly clear, and is to the effect that "independence actually achieved may lawfully be recognised by foreign nations." It is curious that American writers on Public Law have argued for a wider and looser doctrine than this, and have maintained that, without reference to the relative position of the combatants, "foreign Powers are not bound to be neutral spectators of a civil war, but may, if they please, espouse that cause which they think just." But Mr. Bernard well observes that this is a confusion between international law and international morality. There can be no express rule of law including the moral ingredient of justice. On the other hand, some German writers have sought to exclude from the operation of the rule (that *de facto* independence may lawfully be recognised), communities whose profession of independence is *tortuous or manifestly unjust*. The many American writers who have confounded the concession of belligerent rights with the recognition of independence have frequently used language not unlike that of Von Martens by denouncing the Southern States as beyond the pale of international law; and it is not therefore uninteresting to observe that the German limitation of the rule is clearly connected with an unwillingness to trench on the Divine Right of Kings, and that it owes its modern revival in the books of publicists to the influence of the Holy Alliance. The Americans are excluded from thus restricting the well-ascertained doctrine of the Law of Nations, partly by the whole course of their history and the very nature of their institutions, but chiefly by almost innumerable propositions to the contrary effect included in the works of the great International writers whom their country has shown a singular fertility heretofore in producing.

Mr. Bernard illustrates the application of the rule permitting the recognition of *de facto* independence by a series of historical examples. The first and most famous of them ought to be deeply engraven on the memory of Americans. The correspondence between M. de Vergennes, the Minister of Louis XVI., and the British Government, previously to the active interference of France in the American War, shows, says Mr. Bernard, the degree of acceptance which the principles just stated had then obtained, and is the earliest instance of a practical appeal to them after the Law of Nations had become a science. "The doctrines advanced at that time by the French Minister differed very little from those maintained fifty years afterwards by Mackintosh and Canning." It is true that the conduct of the French Government was, in reality, base and hypocritical in an almost incredible degree. It had, in fact, covertly done infinitely more than it was warranted in doing by the rule for which it contended. But we are shrewdly reminded by the Oxford Professor that, though men's acts, and not their words, show what they are, their words, and not their acts, show what they would

fain appear to be. M. de Vergennes was appealing to the public opinion of Europe, and the principles he stated must have been those which he supposed to be current among statesmen, jurists, and diplomatists. In fact, the English Government, deeply indignant as it was, did not venture to assail the four propositions of M. de Vergennes. The State-paper which it published, written by the historian Gibbon from Lord Stormont's letters, and at the instance of Lord Weymouth, the Secretary of State, objected only to the French statements of fact. It affirmed (and truly too, as is now known from Franklin's correspondence) that the French Government had secretly given effective assistance to the revolted colonies, and on this ground it justified its declaration of war.

All the more modern instances, which it is convenient to have set forth in Mr. Bernard's succinct statement, only serve to bring out the principle more and more clearly. The American Government as early as 1818, Mr. Canning in 1824, all the Powers of Europe with regard to Belgium in 1832, and, finally, Lord Palmerston in reference to Sicily in 1848, maintained, in the plainest terms, the right of foreign Powers to recognise independence acquired *de facto* by fragments or dependencies of an older State. Yet, though the rule is clear, it has always been held that the time for applying it is matter of policy and prudence; and a proposition which at first sight looks like a truism has sometimes been so enunciated as to amount almost to a reversal of the principle itself. Mr. Bernard looks with no favour on the restriction; and few passages in his Lecture better show his good sense than the following, in which he contends for a tolerably strict and prompt application of a doctrine which certainly, on the whole, contributes to the happiness of the family of nations:—

Some may say that in a matter confessedly requiring so much tenderness and circumspection, the hands of every foreign Government ought to be as free as possible, and its course guided entirely by circumstances; and that the *dictum* (always a favourite with statesmen) that the time and mode of recognition are a mere question of prudence and policy, should receive the largest and most liberal construction. By others it may be argued that under this treatment the rule itself disappears, with all its advantages; that all the controversies to which these cases give rise, spring up in the debatable ground which surrounds the rule; and that to enlarge that field of strife, at the expense of the rule itself, can only multiply disputes. This view appears to me, I own, to be nearer to the truth. That a pretty wide discretion must always be left to the recognising Power, there is no doubt; for this, if for no other reason, that the rule itself is vague, and that not merely from the imperfection of language, but because it must always be impossible to determine at what precise point of time a State has consolidated itself and independence has actually been achieved. There is room also for an infinite variety of circumstances. Ten months may effect in one case what ten years are too little to accomplish in another. A great military reverse, like that of Saratoga or Ayacucho, may or may not be a legitimate argument—it is generally a suspicious one. The tie of national union, according to its strength and texture, may snap like lighted tow, or give way slowly and painfully, like the sinews and fibres of a living frame. Again, it is true, of course, that nations will always listen, as men do, to every consideration which seems to bear upon their interests, and that in their dealings with each other, as in private affairs, there are no laws so strict, no rights so imperative, but that the use of them may be directed by prudence and softened by courtesy and forbearance. But it is one thing to admit this reasonable latitude and unavoidable uncertainty, and another to let in every imaginable motive and transient scheme of policy, and so reduce the act of recognition from an exercise of a right, to which no one can object apart from considerations of time and circumstance, to an arbitrary exertion of the will, with which anybody is free to quarrel. It is one thing to say to a sore and resentful people, "We recognise the independence of a country that once was yours, because it is independent, because justice and general convenience require it,"—nay, (if you will have it so), "because, having a *causa justificativa* in the fact that it is free, we have a *causa masoria* in the want of cotton;" and another to say (whether in so many words or not) we recognise because it will assist the cause of liberty or of authority, because it will promote or check republicanism, because the wind in our hemisphere sets this way or that, because we have a rival to outstrip or counteract, or for any other temporary reason that may suggest itself to a too alert and sagacious statesman with his eye on the weathercock and every facility for writing telegrams.

#### THORNBURY'S LIFE OF TURNER.\*

THIS book will be bought, looked into, and perhaps kept for reference, for the sake of its subject; but we can promise nothing but disappointment to every purchaser and to every reader. A more hopelessly confused and contradictory compilation has seldom fallen under our notice, and its prolixity and repetition are tedious beyond measure. Mr. Thornbury has not corrected the faults of style and of arrangement which we have already had occasion to point out in notices of some of his former writings. Here we find again the same inaccuracies of grammar, the same inelegant expressions, the same ignorance of the classical languages and literature. *Eidophusikon* is altered by more than a printer's error to *Eidophuskion*, and "*splendida mendax*" is supposed to be good Latin. One sentence will end with such a phrase as "nor do I want to;" and another will begin "Father still warms to art," with the most superb disregard of the possessive pronoun. Then there is the old device of forced and far-fetched epithets. If a footman is spoken of, he must always be called "flamingo-legged;" and we are bored to death by irrelevant allusions to the trade of Turner's father, "the barber of Hand-court, Maiden-lane." It will probably be enough to quote an entire short sentence as a specimen of the lucid and graceful style in which these volumes are written.

\* *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* Founded on Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and Fellow-Academicians. By Walter Thornbury. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1861.



"Never well based in education, and algebra sums all slighted long ago for drawing out of window birds and flowers, as we have seen, the boy soon gets dazed and torpid." The composition of these two thick volumes out of materials which at best are but slender is a feat of the most experienced book-making. Mr. Thornbury speaks with very uncalculated severity about the exploits of Mr. Timbs with the scissors and pastebrush in preparing a former memoir of Turner; but he is himself open to the same charge. He has not been at the pains even to reduce to one continuous narrative the various memoranda with which Turner's friends and acquaintances have furnished him. The same anecdotes occur two or even three times, and sometimes we have two different versions of the same story. Besides which, we notice several unacknowledged plagiarisms. In particular, many things are quietly borrowed from the *Reminiscences of John Thomas Smith*, lately noticed in these columns, the republication of which just at this time must be very inconvenient to our present author. The fact is, that for the four years during which, as we are told in the preface, the present work has been in progress, Mr. Thornbury seems to have arranged his matter, borrowed or original, somewhat after the fashion of a commonplace-book. Some such process alone seems to us to account for the confusion and repetition which are so remarkable in these volumes. The original mapping out of the subject was bad, and no care has been taken to amend it in the final preparation for the press. It is unnecessary, however, to give examples of the inconsistencies and contradictions and jumbles of subjects which abound in these pages. Nor would our readers thank us for quoting specimens of fine writing and of false sentiment. Mr. Thornbury's style is not very likely to be mended now; and he has written so many superficial books, all with the same characteristics, that people who open a volume bearing his name must know very well what they have to expect.

We turn with some interest from the manner of the book to its matter, in order to see what new things are told us about the life and works of the great artist whose biography is here attempted. We cannot say that we learn many facts which were not known before, or that Turner's private character is presented to us in any more favourable light. It is true that Mr. Thornbury has collected from all quarters a great number of reminiscences, more or less trustworthy; and it is not likely that many more anecdotes of the painter's private or artistic life will ever be forthcoming. But Mr. Ruskin, whether or not we agree with him, has already made us acquainted with almost all that is worth knowing about the life and the works of the reserved and suspicious and miserly painter whom he worships so enthusiastically. Mr. Ruskin's pre-occupation of the ground has been a serious obstacle in Mr. Thornbury's way. Perhaps no better course was open to the latter writer than the one which he has followed. He has swallowed at one gulp, and almost without a wry face, the whole creed of his predecessor, whom he calls—to choose one compliment out of many—"that greatest of all dead or living writers on art!" He even accepts from his oracular teacher the following "main characteristics of Turner, as the keys to the secret of all he said or did:—Uprightness, Generosity, Tenderness of heart (extreme), Sensuality, Obstinacy (extreme), Irritability, Infidelity." But we do not observe that he finds much guidance in these "Seven Lamps" of character. The last of them, indeed, he affects in one place scarcely to understand; though he tells us enough to prove that Turner was, to say the least, thoroughly irreligious in his habits. He confesses, in fact, that the old miser was, in private, both immoral and intemperate. There are stories of Turner's sometimes spending his Sundays in disgusting debauchery in some low sailors' haunt in Wapping, allowing himself exactly *à la* for the "spree;" and he left four illegitimate children, for whom and for his mistresses this "generous" and "tender-hearted" man seems to have made no provision at all in his will. Then, again, there is evidence that—at least towards the end of his life—he drank so much sherry, or sometimes gin, that his steadiness of hand and head was affected, which may, perhaps, sufficiently account for the unintelligible follies of his latest pictures. Mr. Thornbury seems to be scarcely conscious that these vices slightly darken the character of his idol. Not so, however, Mr. Ruskin, who has invented a theory to account for them. According to that writer, Turner's irreligion and laxity were not so much his own fault as that of his contemporaries, who failed to recognise and reward his transcendent genius. This calumny is feebly echoed by Mr. Thornbury, in the face of the fact that the painter, who began with nothing, died worth 140,000*l.* There are few professions which recompense even a long life of miserly toil with so noble a fortune. But these writers seem to think that their hero was so great in art that he had a prescriptive right to be spared even the first anxieties of a start in life. To us it seems that no man ever met more liberal patronage, or had his claims sooner acknowledged. In no sense can we see that Turner had any right to consider himself a disappointed man. He may have been soured in early life by an unsuccessful love-affair, which is here rather enigmatically recorded; but his professional merits were uniformly appreciated by his fellow-artists and the public at large. He became a Royal Academician in 1802, when he was only twenty-seven years old; he amassed a colossal fortune, saw his fame steadily growing, and was honoured with a grave in St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Thornbury himself is forced to confess that Turner's want of education and inability to express himself in intelligible language, either by word of mouth or by pen, made it impossible that he should have been chosen, in the

place of Shee, for the President's chair. But he seems to think that his great man might at least have been offered a knighthood! We doubt whether a lower bathos than this could easily be found. It must be granted that the picture given of Turner by his new admirer and biographer is far from attractive. In his outward man the painter is described as stumpy, shambling, lame, and awkward, dirty in his person, and shabby and slovenly in his dress. He had "a red Jewish face, with staring bluish-grey eyes." "His complexion was very coarse and weatherbeaten; the cuticle was that of a stage-coachman, or an old man-of-war boatswain. It was as tough as the skin of a rhinoceros, and red as the shell of a boiled lobster." Nor was his moral character much more agreeable than his appearance. The thrift, which had been necessary and even commendable in early life, degenerated into a sordid stinginess—tempered, indeed, by occasional acts of generosity, and by a certain rough honesty, but not atoned for, as his biographer seems to think, by the intention of leaving his enormous savings, when he could no longer hoard them, for the foundation of a charitable institution for decayed artists.

It may not be necessary to believe all the anecdotes that are in circulation about Turner's meanness, and we may admit to some extent the excuse which is here offered, to the effect that he had sense of humour enough to confess and even to exaggerate his own miserly ways. But it is impossible to reconcile with uprightness and honesty the "crafty, tradesmanlike alterations" by which Turner manipulated the plates of his *Liber Studiorum*, in order to defraud the purchasers. Mr. Thornbury shall make this confession about one of these tricks in his own words:—

I am sorry, too, to say, that there can be no doubt, from years of investigation by Messrs. Pye, Stokes, and other collectors, that Turner often took out the thickened letters of the plates in the bad third state, and engraved open letters higher up in the plates—in fact, he sold sham proofs, having private marks and scratches to indicate to himself the various states.

On the other hand, Turner was not without good qualities. He was a devoted angler, fond of animals, and kind to children. He made and kept a few warm friends, chiefly among his brother Academicians. When he entered into society, which was seldom, he was often playful, and what may be called a good companion. Indeed, he rather liked an occasional revel and a practical joke. But he was rude and caustic to strangers. Mr. Thornbury's usual phrase is, "he grunted out" such and such an answer. Though he was not jealous of his brother artists, and though he is said never to have uttered a disparaging word about any of his professional rivals, yet he was always suspicious and churlish when any one desired to learn the secrets of his art. No one was admitted to his painting-room; he seldom or never gave away a drawing; and when out on a sketching party would not even show his companions his sketches. It is by no means easy to find the key, if there be a key, to this mixed and inconsistent character. Mr. Ruskin's hypothesis is that he was conscious of his own gigantic powers of painting, and, believing himself to be unappreciated by his contemporaries, ceased to care for the opinion of the world, and simply followed the bent of his own genius, indifferent alike to praise and to blame. But this does not account for all the phenomena of his character. There is no evidence that he did not value the favourable judgment of the public, but much the other way. We can well understand indeed that, as Mr. Cunningham says, "he did not appear to be pleased with Mr. Ruskin's superlative eulogies." "He knows a great deal more about my pictures than I do," said Turner; "he puts things into my head, and points out meanings in them that I never intended." In fact, he may well have resented the unconscious self-complacency with which his enthusiastic admirer betrayed his persuasion that it had been left to him to reveal Turner's artistic greatness to the unbelieving world. "There is but one God and—*Maomet is his prophet*," Mr. Ruskin's intelligent worship of this idol of his own making, in spite of its feet of clay, is almost ludicrous. But it is parodied in Mr. Thornbury's affected and spasmodic enthusiasm. This gentleman goes so far as to speak of the birth of the "barber's son"—as he loves to call him—as "the Turner avatar."

It is surprising how very little is known of Turner's long life; and what little there is can only be picked out from Mr. Thornbury's rambling chapters with great difficulty. The painter's early history is told a thousand times better in the last volume of *Modern Painters*, without the vulgar cant about his father's trade, and the accumulation of irrelevant petty details after the style which Mr. Sala's *Life of Hogarth* has made fashionable. We learn something new, however, as to his schools, and his original training in art, and his early struggles. All the statistics of Turner's pictures and their years of exhibition are carefully enough elaborated here, and will be valuable to collectors. We find the artist showing architectural tastes by designing his own house, to which he gave the vile name of *Solus Lodge*, at Twickenham. He seems to have made ineffectual attempts to learn Latin and Greek late in life. His spelling was infamous, and his letters (of which two or three are printed), though sometimes vigorous and original, are those of a wholly uneducated man. His love of the sea might have been guessed from the internal evidence of his pictures. And yet sailors never liked his *Battle of Trafalgar*, at Greenwich. One tar said of this picture, "What a Trafalgar! it's a d—d deal more like a brick-field."

Unsatisfactory as this *Life* is, it may be recommended as containing, amidst a flood of irrelevant twaddle, a great deal of information as to Turner's artistic merits and as to the subjects

and criticism of his best pictures. The painter's death in a small house at Chelsea, where he lived under an assumed name, is described with better taste than usual. There is a curious account of the interest which Turner took in photography. It seems that he used to frequent Mr. Mayall's studio in 1847 and the next two years, having first mystified the photographer by giving him to understand that his visitor was a Master in Chancery. More than enough of Turner's indescribably bad poetry is given in these pages. And finally his will, and the litigation which attended it, are set forth in full. This very month, just within ten years from his death—the term prescribed by the will—Turner's pictures are exhibited to the public in the west room of the National Gallery. The asylum for artists, however, will never be founded, and in other respects the testator would scarcely be satisfied with the compromise that has been effected.

We conclude with one of the few art anecdotes in these volumes which are new to us, and one which in itself is highly suggestive. A Mrs. Austin mentions that she once said to Turner, "I find, Mr. Turner, that in copying one of your works, touches of blue, red, and yellow, appear all through the work." He answered, "Well, don't you see that yourself in nature, because, if you don't, heaven help you!"

#### THE UNITY OF MANKIND.\*

TO determine whether man is of one or of many species is a problem which belongs strictly to the zoologist. The zoologist, however, finds himself not only in presence of the real scientific difficulties, but also in the presence of two camps—one eager to prove unity, the other eager to disprove it. The "foregone conclusion" is determined by orthodoxy and heterodoxy in religion, and by abolition and slavery in politics. The teaching of Scripture, and the existence of slavery, bias, one way or the other, almost every inquirer; and accordingly we see the controversy conducted with an acrimony, an impatience, and an eager one-sidedness which too plainly betray that a certain foregone conclusion is sought rather than the truth. Of course there are minds which rise above this heated atmosphere of disputation, and move, as Milton says, "in the still air of delightful study"—minds which know that love of truth is the only pious and the only politic attitude. To these the work we have undertaken to notice will be very welcome, because it treats a great subject with imperturbable calmness, appealing only to the plain laws of evidence. M. Quatrefages believes in the unity of mankind; but he believes this as a zoologist, not as a theologian or a politician. He trusts to the evidence of science, and makes no appeal to Scripture, which, by carrying with it the allegiance of the feelings, might disturb the directness of his argument. On science he takes his stand. Those who dispute his evidence or reject his conclusions may do so as dispassionately as if no ulterior question were involved.

It can be no information to our readers that among the *polygenists* (or upholders of a plurality of species) there are many sincere, if not very logical, Christians. The Bible is invoked as freely in favour of slavery as against it, and in favour of the plurality of human species. The first writer who advocated such a Scriptural interpretation was a French Protestant, M. La Peyrère, who in 1665 published a *Systema Theologicum ex Preadamitarum Hypothesi*, in which he argues that the history of Adam was only the commencement of Jewish history, not of human history. The chosen people had a separate origin. The Gentiles were created on the sixth day, with the rest of the animal world; and not one of them entered paradise. This hardy hypothesis gained few, if any, adherents, till our own day, when it was reproduced in America. We need not discuss it here.

M. Quatrefages begins by maintaining that man forms a "kingdom" by himself, not less circumscribed than the other "kingdoms" admitted by naturalists—namely, the mineral, vegetable, and animal. He says that man differs from the whole animal kingdom as widely and decisively as the animal kingdom differs from the vegetable, and the vegetable from the mineral. M. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire has propounded the same view. Professor Owen makes man a genus of one species; but he has not ventured to characterize this genus by so lofty a term as kingdom. Nor can we think the proposition will find general acceptance. Instead of discussing it, however, let us note its foundations. M. Quatrefages admits that man is identical with animals in structure and functions. He has similar tissues, similar organs, similar activities, similar instincts, similar affections, and similar intelligence. However superior he may be to animals in one or all of these points, it is clear that he differs from them only in degree. But, just as the animal is raised above and apart from the vegetable by the possession of something wholly absent in the vegetable—namely, sensibility—this one thing constituting a new world of phenomena, so is man raised above and apart from animals by the possession of that *quelque chose* which makes a new world, namely, morality and religiosity. M. Quatrefages examines the objection which has been raised, to the effect that in certain barbarous tribes no moral or religious ideas have been found, and he shows that the objection is unfounded in fact—all tribes, no matter how barbarous, being manifestly in possession of some rudimentary morality and religion.

Having established the human kingdom, M. Quatrefages does not, as might be expected, proceed to subdivide it into subkingdoms, classes, orders, families, genera, and species—as botanists and zoologists subdivide the vegetable and animal kingdoms. On the contrary, he makes but one species, and several *varieties*, or races, out of the whole kingdom. That which he and all other *monogenists* designate as a variety or race, the *polygenists* designate as a species. It is necessary, therefore, to come to a distinct understanding about these words "species" and "variety." M. Quatrefages enters on the explanation, which he makes very full and clear, before proceeding with his argument. What is species? Place before a sheep-breeder two merino sheep, and he will without hesitation declare them to be of the same species; but remove one of these, and substitute a merino with the brilliant and silky wool of the Mauchamp, and he will declare them to be of different species. Now tell him that both sheep descend from the same father and mother, and he will declare the Mauchamp is a variety, or breed, of the merino. To the man of science, and to the sheep-breeder, the idea of species is founded on two different orders of fact—the fact of *resemblance* and the fact of *filiation* or descent. "L'espèce," says Buffon, "n'est autre chose qu'une succession constante d'individus semblables et qui se reproduisent."

Thus far there is perfect agreement in the two schools. But now arises the question *épineuse*: is the type, which we name "species" variable, or is it fixed and invariable? Some maintain that it is fixed, but admits of variation within certain narrow limits. Others maintain that its variability is indefinite. This question has been so much and so eagerly discussed since the publication of Mr. Darwin's work, that we need only allude to it. One remark alone may be made. Those who maintain the indefinite variability have never proved it; and those who admit variability within certain limits have never given the slightest evidence of *what* the limits are and *where* the variation must cease. On this point we cannot but agree with the acute remark of Chevreul:—"Si l'opinion de la mutabilité des espèces, dans les circonstances différentes de celles où nous vivons, n'est point absurde à nos yeux, l'admettre en fait pour en tirer des conséquences, c'est s'éloigner de la méthode expérimentale, qui ne permettrait jamais d'ériger en principe la simple conjecture."

M. Quatrefages holds the doctrine of limited variability. Species is something primitive, fundamental. Born and reared under identical conditions, all the representatives of a species would be absolutely similar; but, in point of fact, the conditions never are identical, and the individuals, consequently, always differ more or less. Out of these differences, when they are marked and are perpetuated by hereditary transmission, come the several *races* or *varieties*. M. Quatrefages maintains these views firmly, but modestly. He justly remarks that when two sides can be espoused on any question by many eminent men, who have all equally before them the data on which to found a conclusion, that question must necessarily be one difficult to solve; and he suggests that, since both opinions have excellent grounds, the truth probably lies between them. Such a question is that of the variability of species. There are masses of facts to be urged in favour of fixity. There are equal masses in favour of variability. Even Lamarck admitted "a certain fixity;" and his antagonists admit "a certain variability." If any one could give precision to this vagueness, he would alter the whole aspect of speculation.

M. Quatrefages, recognising the preponderant importance of the phenomena of variation in relation to the quarrel between monogenists and polygenists, devotes a large space to their consideration. He begins by calling attention to the fact of variation in the same individual at different epochs. "If there are blonde and brown races," he says, "do we not see every day the blonde child become the dark man? And, although less common, yet the reverse is also seen, and I myself know an example." In white races, *melanism* (the skin becoming black) is often seen, especially in pregnant women. Camper cites a case of a young woman who, during her first pregnancy, became as black as a negress all over the body except on the face and neck. Dr. Guétyant confirms this from another case among his patients. Buffon and Hammer cite well authenticated cases of the reverse—a negro boy and girl, who severally, at the age of fifteen and sixteen, one after an accident, the other from no assignable cause, gradually grew white. At first the black colour became fainter; then white spots appeared, increased, and at last covered the whole body, except in certain parts, which presented the aspect of moles and freckles. Both boy and girl remained perfectly well. No other change was observable. No disease of the skin developed itself. In animals, such changes constitute varieties; and when they are transmitted by generation and preserved, they constitute races.

M. Quatrefages examines at length the formation of races; and many of his illustrations are very striking. For example, the *plantain*, in the time of Linnaeus, had but twenty species; there are now one hundred and fifteen, and twenty of these belong to the flora of Europe. M. Decaisne, choosing one of these, accepted as a "true species" by all botanists, sowed and cultivated in various parts of his garden the seeds which he had collected in the country. In a short time he found these had developed into seven of those forms hitherto regarded as specific. Nor let it be supposed that these differences are too trifling to be classed as specific. Almost every part of the plant varies. The leaves are sometimes oval and almost round—sometimes long. Here

\* *Unité de l'Espèce Humaine*. Par A. de Quatrefages. Paris, 1861.



they are arranged in rosettes—there they form a straight bunch. The whole plant is sometimes smooth and without hair, at others so hairy as to deserve its specific name "woolly plantain." The root is sometimes annual, sometimes perennial. All these forms, regarded as specific, are transmitted by generation, but only when they are left where they were born, or under similar conditions. Transplanted elsewhere, they produce plants which cease to resemble them, but which resemble each other—thus showing that they are races, not species. "Dans la même localité, dans les localités voisines, on ne rencontre le plus souvent que des variétés ou des races dont la grande ressemblance avec leur type spécifique ne laisse aucune place au doute. Les modifications sérieuses dans l'espèce se rattachent donc à un éloignement considérable des localités."

On the establishment of domestic races M. Quatrefages has collected interesting evidence; but after Mr. Darwin's work, evidence on this point is superfluous. The only instance we shall notice is that of the derivation of all the races of dogs from the jackal—a derivation asserted by Pallas, but proved by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, who, to the resemblances which have struck every one, adds the fact that dogs fed exclusively on meat have the characteristic odour of the jackal, and the further important fact that the period of gestation is the same in both, and not different, as has erroneously been asserted. He has also proved to his audience that the bark of the jackal is indistinguishable from that of the dogs near it in the menagerie. M. St. Hilaire also relates that he knew a jackal at Grenoble, brought from Algiers, which was gentle and caressing as a dog, was allowed perfect liberty, and played with the dogs in the street, just like any other dog—for which indeed he was mistaken by all men, and seemed to be so by all dogs. A friend of our own, who has resided thirty years in Algiers, and frequently kept jackals in lieu of dogs, has no sort of doubt as to their identity.

On a future occasion we shall follow M. Quatrefages' application to man of these views on species and varieties.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.\*

##### DOMESTIC SERIES.

MORE than six hundred octavo pages have been required to calendar the State Papers of the first two years in the reign of Charles II., from the Domestic Series alone. It is but fair to add that they have been calendared at no unnecessary length. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that the papers for the whole reign will probably fill sixteen volumes of a like size. The editor does not, indeed, claim for the present series any singular and paramount interest, but she is right in asserting that it has its own peculiar character—a character which we may well hope no English State Papers may ever exhibit again. As we wade through page after page of dismal lamentation for sufferings of every conceivable form, we realize most effectually the picture of a time of complete disorganization and misery. The picture, we may be sure, is one which cannot be wholly trusted, for the conclusions drawn from such sources are apt to be warped and prejudiced on both sides. But there is quite enough here to give us the features of a time pre-eminently humiliating and wretched; and amongst numberless cases of exaggeration or imposture there remain but too many instances of toil and money spent for nought, and which it was clearly impossible for the King or the nation to repay. There is a stupendous array of petitions for all possible methods of restitution, and for every imaginable post, from a slaughter-house to a bishopric. Dancing-masters and fencing-teachers figure side by side with barons and doctors of divinity. Every man is full of himself, and every man has his compurgators or his eulogists. Nay, these eulogists, in some instances, back the claims of two men for the same post. Nor are the ways in which the claims are urged less varied than the character of the claims themselves. Some carry special weight from their calm and sober dignity; others are simply ludicrous and contemptible. Yet even those at which a reader may laugh now had the sting of present sufferings to counterbalance their absurdity then; and it seems also true that the success of the claimant was by no means always in proportion to his merits or his losses. Without attempting to reduce such anomalous heads to any fixed order, we may take a few as showing the sort of documents which made the Throne of England no bed of roses for the son of the Royal Martyr.

We have heard of Englishmen who have presented themselves at the Tuileries with papers for debts incurred or loans contracted in the days of exile, which have been duly acknowledged and paid by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. But Charles Stuart came to no overflowing treasury, and could not draw water with the same ease from the wells of despotism. Claims of a hundred pounds, or of half a million, are put aside almost with a supplicating plea that the King must await the time when his own estate shall be better settled. Meanwhile, he could only listen to tales of service done to his father or to himself with a suspicion, perhaps, that some of the former, at least, were purely mythical, or based upon assertions which could

neither be proved nor denied. Among these, probably, it would not be unjust to reckon the allegation of Sir George Melville, that the payment of his own debt was the last will of Charles I., who sent word of it to his son two days before his death (p. 15). But there can be no doubt that Colonel Temple invented a convenient myth, when, in a petition to be put before Charles II., he averred that "one of the last commands which he (the King) whispered to Kirke on the scaffold was to charge this king to have a care of honest Tom Temple," who hoped it would not be imputed to him as a crime that he had accepted a military commission from the Government of Cromwell as a protection from all invasion. (*State Papers, Colonial Series, 1574-1660, p. 496*). The theory of patient endurance under suffering is fairly carried beyond the line of Christian heroism by John Fowler, who was "sent by the rebels to the West Indies as a present to the barbarous people there, which penalty he underwent with satisfaction and content" (p. 13). The begging impostor is acted by Dr. Gilbert Anderson, who "speaks most of the languages, was deprived of hearing while enslaved by the Turks, but has since had the gift of revelation, and prophesied the Restoration and General Monk's success," and who is, of course, moved by a desire to reveal something more which shall be acceptable to his Majesty (p. 14). Among the most importunate, if not the most eminent, of the petitioners is Mary Graves, whose claims are scattered liberally throughout the volume. Her demand of 30,000*l.* is founded on help given at the Battle of Worcester, and more recently in the rising of Sir George Booth (p. 36); and she is ready to accept a composition in money of 10,000*l.*, of which she offers 1000*l.* as a bribe to the Secretary Nicholas, or to receive patents for the creation of two baronets—a species of merchandize very freely indulged in by the Court at this time. Wounded and disabled officers beg for some aid to cheer the last dark days of their life; soldiers or sailors seek to return to their native land; a widow desires to renew a lease or pay off a mortgage. Some suitors either beg for a patent, or have it offered to them provided that they can find some wealthy and honourable person who may be willing to pay them a good round fine in exchange for the dignity of baron or baronet. And at the least we cannot deny the cogenity of the claim of Sir Alexander Nisbett for such recompense, when his eldest son had been taken at the battle of Philiphaugh, and beheaded at Glasgow; the second, a major, had been killed at the battle at York; the third, Colonel Robert Nisbet, had suffered death with the Marquis of Montrose, and he himself, though eighty years old, had been forced to fly to Ireland for a livelihood (p. 442). A more pitiable appeal is made by Sir Jonathan Wiseman, of Glaston, who had lost everything and had twice narrowly escaped being put to death, once when he was "on the ladder to be hanged," by his wife's bringing in a lease and some writings. Elizabeth Pinckney, whose husband, after thirty-seven years military service, had been buried at Oxford after Reading fight, begs the continuance of a pension of 20*l.*, withheld for nine years, to maintain herself and her nine children. Since 1643 "she has waited on all Parliaments for justice, but they have imprisoned her, beat her with whips, kicked, pulled, and torn her, till shame was cried on them" (p. 334).

These are but stray samples of an endless series of claims for services ranging from the loan of a shirt to the King to the sacrifice of fame and fortune. But none, perhaps, have a more definite sense of their own value, or are more exact in putting a price upon themselves, than the ecclesiastical petitioners. In place of the hidden manoeuvres of more recent times, we have the straightforward honesty of men who can confidently claim a particular living, canonry or bishopric, which they are pleased to specify. In the entries occur well-known names—Gilbert Sheldon, Isaac Barrow, Calamy, and Baxter—the two latter as declining bishoprics, the former as claiming a degree, or certifying to the merits of others. Petitions for vicarages, rectories, canonries, archdeaconries are clustered thickly together. Dr. Rainbow urges his claims for the Deanery of Peterborough, Dr. Byrom Eaton for that of Lichfield, while Dr. Wolley submits himself as entitled to the Bishopric of Coventry and Lichfield, Hereford, Bristol, or Peterborough. At p. 437 occur two very curious entries, referring to the Rectory of Oddington, in Gloucestershire. One William Tray prays to be confirmed in it, and annexes a certificate by Dr. Philip King and William Cluer, M.A., in his favour. This is followed by a petition of William Cluer, M.A., for presentation to the same rectory, who likewise forwards a certificate from Dr. Philip King, and three others, in favour of the said Cluer's orthodoxy and piety. We can hardly suppose that William Cluer and William Cluer are two different persons, still less that there were two Drs. Philip King writing about the same living. It is, at the least, a strange instance of rivalry without malice.

Judging from the entries, we are at a loss to understand how some of the documents came to be regarded as State Papers at all. At p. 65 is a letter of Elizabeth Forster to Joseph Williamson, of which we are only told that she fears the rashness of her son will make him neglect his studies at Oxford. Williamson was, indeed, afterwards Secretary of State, and for a long time previously in the Paper-office at Whitehall. He also appears to have been in the habit of preserving all papers, or, as the editor expresses it, to have had no waste-basket under his table. But it is not easy to see how a mere private letter can rightly belong to a State series, though it may have been satisfactory to Wil-

\* *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series. Of the Reign of Charles II., 1660, 1661.* Preserved in the State Paper Department of her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. London: Longmans. 1860.

Williamson himself to be encouraged by Thomas Smith in his employment, which, though of little advantage now, will be more so in time (p. 196)—or to receive a pound from Henry Denton for the use of his college chamber, where Williamson's viols still hang as a monument that a genuine son of Jubal has been there (p. 312)—though probably even Williamson cared not much to learn that a Kendal schoolboy, though he were his own nephew, was ashamed to walk the streets because so many faults were found in his Latin letter (p. 456).

Among the few matters which involve a foreign as well as domestic interest, are the articles of agreement drawn up between the Levant Company and the Earl of Winchelsea, appointed ambassador to the Sultan. The latter binds himself to remain at his post not less than five years; to take care of the Company's interests; to procure no advantages in trade for any save the Company; to prevent interlopers, by doing his utmost to levy twenty per cent. extra on all goods not belonging to the Company, of which he is to have a third, as also of the fines on those of the Company who transgress the laws. Their own portion of a compact not very honourable to the ambassador is to pay his expenses thither, with a suite not exceeding thirty persons, in addition to 300*l.* already granted him for expenses, also to allow him 10,000 dollars a-year, to pay the charges of presents, of three dragomen, and 300*l.* for his expenses in returning (p. 270). As a contrast to this extravagance of protection, we may cite the Order in Council answering a petition of sundry shopkeepers, tradesmen, &c., in or near London, who complain of damage done to trade by imports of woollen cloths, laces, silks, &c., and also by the exercise of their several vocations by aliens, praying that the laws against such may be put in force. The Council urge that the restraint of aliens would be hurtful, as they have brought in many useful trades, and in time marry and incorporate with the English—that the importing of foreign goods would not be prevented by proclamation—but advise that the wearing of English manufactures be encouraged (p. 363). In the same spirit the Council of Trade propose to the King to withdraw the penalties on the export of gold and silver as injurious to trade, by preventing English merchants from bringing their money into the kingdom, and inducing them to lodge it instead at Amsterdam or Leghorn. In the reasons which they annex, they prove the futility of past laws on the subject, and the importance of leaving commerce to act in its own natural mode, and show by examples of other countries that moneys most abound in countries which enjoy freedom from restraint on exports (p. 411).

It was a time for protection not more in gold and grain than in faith and religion. A body of remonstrants seek to exhibit their Christianity by showing the mischiefs accomplished by the Jews since their coming in at the time of William the Conqueror, their prosperity in spite of oppressions and taxations and banishment by Edward I. at the desire of the whole kingdom. They are indignant at their return, and that in the late usurper's time they dared to attempt the purchase of St. Paul's for a synagogue, and suggest the issue of a commission to inquire into their state, the imposition of heavy taxes, seizure of their personal property, with banishment for residence without license, &c. (p. 366). Nay, even the victims of intolerance and persecution turn upon one another. The ministers, deacons, and elders of the French Congregation in London petition the King for protection and confirmation of privileges, and that no other French Church may be permitted to divide and ruin them. They beg that no other place may be allowed to MM. Hierosme and Kerhuel, the pastors of the opposition, as it would encourage division, and ruin their congregation by lessening the contributions for the ministers and the poor (p. 277).

The series brings before us, but only incidentally, the closing scenes of the regicides and others exempted from the amnesty published on the restoration of monarchy. The Secretary Nicholas announces to Sir William Curtius that Harrison, Peters, Scott, Carew, Cook, Jones, Clement, and Scroop, have been hanged, drawn, and quartered, and that Axtell and Hacker follow on the morrow; and remarks, in a letter to Sir H. Bennet, that the latter is only to be hanged, and that the people are so satisfied that they even shout with joy on the death of the more hardened of the traitors (p. 316). Four months later he again announces to Curtius, that on January 30, "a solemn fast was kept by Act of Parliament, for the execrable murder of the late King, on which day the corpses of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, being dragged on sledges to Tyburn, remained hung on the gibbet, in the view of thousands, attracted by so marvellous an act of justice" (p. 506).

The later papers contain fuller and more interesting details of the last outburst of that extravagant fanaticism which had not long before inundated the country. A letter from Sir John Finch to Lord Conway describes the attack of the Fifth Monarchy men on St. Paul's, when, breaking open the door, they demanded of passengers whom they were for, and, on one answering for King Charles, shot him through the heart, exclaiming that they were for King Jesus. Some musketeers sent to reduce them were put to flight. But on the approach of the Lord Mayor in person they retreated to Highgate. "On Wednesday morning they returned to the city with mad courage, fell on the Guard, and beat the Life Guard and a whole regiment in half-an-hour, refusing all quarter. Venner, their captain, was taken, with nine more, and twenty slain; six got into a house, and, refusing all quarter, were slain" (p. 471).

Something of the old spirit still remained—of the old theories of unbounded submission on the one side, of armed resistance on the other, both justified by divine sanction. But the reaction to revelry and license was daily growing more powerful, in which, whatever might be the degree of their servility, the actors cared little to bring up sacred texts in justification of their doctrine. And it appears already like the going back to the gloomy earnestness of an earlier day when we read that "Wentworth of Billesby, an old Parliamentary officer, when told that no scripture would justify taking arms against kings, said, that the saints shall bind kings in chains, and their nobles in links of iron." Lord Macaulay has long preceded us in pointing out the force of the argument.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

**BATH MINERAL WATER SANATORIUM.**—This elegantly furnished establishment has been fitted up with special regard to the comfort of the invalid, and is NOW READY for the RECEPTION of LADIES and GENTLEMEN resorting to Bath for the benefit of the Hot Mineral Springs.  
For Terms (which include Physician's attendance), address Mr. FENLEY, Sanatorium, Bath.

**TURKISH BATHS AT REDUCED PRICES**, Public and Private, 120, CHANCERY LANE (five doors from Fleet-street), under the superintendence of Dr. RITTERBANDT, Resident Physician of the Beulah Spa Hydropathic Establishment, Upper Norwood, who will attend by appointment for consultations respecting the suitability of the Turkish Bath to individual cases. Consultation Fee, 3s. Public Baths, 1s. 6d. and 2s.; Private, 1s. and 2s.

**HYDROPATHY.—WINTER TERMS.—THE BEULAH** SPA HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, Upper Norwood, within 20 minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, is OPEN for the RECEPTION of PATIENTS and VISITORS. Terms: Patients, Two Guineas; Visitors, from Two Guineas upwards, according to accommodation. Particulars of Dr. RITTERBANDT, M.D., the Resident Physician.

**HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM.—SUDBROOK PARK**, near Richmond, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. The TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction.

DR. DE JONGH'S  
(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)  
**LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL**, prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men throughout the world as the safest, speediest, and most effective remedy for

CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.  
Is incomparably superior to every other variety.

**SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.**  
SIR JOSEPH OLLIFFE, M.D., Physician to the British Embassy at Paris.—"I have frequently prescribed Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and I have every reason to be satisfied with its beneficial and salutary effects."  
SIR HENRY MARSH, BART., M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.—"I consider Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

DR. LAWRENCE, Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.—"I invariably prescribe Dr. de Jongh's Oil in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

DR. LANKESTER, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Food Collection, South Kensington Museum.—"I consider the Cod Liver Oil sold under Dr. de Jongh's guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in IMPERIAL Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 8s.; and in capsules, and labelled with his stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists.

SOLE CONSIGNERS  
ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.  
CAUTION.—Beware of Proposed Substitutions.

**INDIA OUTFITS.—THRESHER and GLENNY**, next door to Somerset House, Strand, forward (on application) Lists of the necessary Outfits for every appointment, with Prices of each Article. N.B.—Thresher's India Gauze Waistcoats, India Tweed Suits, and Kashmir Flannel Shirts, can only be procured at this Establishment.

**H. J. and D. NICOLL'S CURRENT LIST OF PRICES** for GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING, LADIES' CLOAKS, HABITS, &c., and YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES, for different ages, for the present season. The designs are various, and the materials consist of the finest productions of England, France, and Germany, the Cheviots of Scotland, and the Friezes of Ireland. Outfits for the Winter Season as follows:—

	Fine German Wool.	Australian Wool.	Cheviot Wool.	Mixed Wool.
<b>GENTLEMEN.</b>				
Dress Coat or Jacket	£ 4. 0.	£ 4. 0.	£ 3. 0.	£ 2. 0.
Vest	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 10 0	0 8 0
Trousers	1 15 0	1 8 0	1 1 0	0 16 0
Paletot, or Capesurcoat	2 4 0	2 0 0	2 0 0	1 11 0
Inverness Wing Cape	4 4 0	3 0 0	3 0 0	1 15 0
<b>LADIES.</b>				
Riding Habit	0 6 0	0 5 0	0 4 0	0 3 0
Highland Cloak, Jackets, &c.	4 4 0	3 0 0	3 0 0	1 10 0
Promenade Mantle	4 4 0	3 0 0	3 0 0	1 10 0
Fitting Jacket	2 2 0	1 10 0	1 1 0	0 12 0
<b>YOUNG GENTLEMEN.</b>				
Knickerbocker Suits	3 0 0	2 12 0	1 15 0	1 1 0
Patent Lacerna	3 0 0	2 10 0	1 10 0	0 17 0
Wing Cape	2 12 0	2 0 0	1 5 0	0 12 0

A New Department for Young Ladies' Mantles, Jackets, &c., has been added to Messrs. NICOLL'S Establishment, where may be seen a variety of Mantles; the handsome and Shower-proof Cloaks, Jackets, &c., of all sizes, finished with the same style and care, and at the same moderate cost, as is observed in the other departments of the house.

A large selection of Overcoats and other Garments are prepared for immediate use. Particulars for self-measurement, with patterns of materials, photographs of designs; or a selection of Overcoats, &c., Ladies' Cloaks, &c.; sample suits of Knickerbockers, with necessary underclothing, caps, &c.; when requested, will be forwarded, if accompanied by a reference in town.—114, 116, 118, 120, Regent-street, W.; 22, Cornhill, E.C.; London; and 10, St. Ann's-square, Manchester.

**FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY** PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM A. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with ornate ornaments and two sets of bars, £2 15s. to £20 10s.; Branded Fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 15s.; Steel Fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, £2 15s. to £18; Chimney-Pieces, from £1 5s. to £20; Fire-Irons, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

**BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM A. BURTON** has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads, from 13s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.  
Shower Baths, from 25s. 0d. to £8 0s. each.  
Lamps (Moderators), from 6s. 6d. to 47 7s. each.  
Pure Colza Oil (All other kinds at the same rate.) 4s. per gallon.

**CUTLERY, WARRANTED.**—The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on SALE at WILLIAM A. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales. 8-inch Ivory-handled Table Knives, with high shmirers, 12s. 6d. per dozen; Desserts to match, 10s.; if by balance, 6d. per dozen extra; Carvers, 4s. 6d. per pair; larger sizes, from 2s. to 27s. 6d. per dozen; extra fine Ivory, 22s.; if with silver ferrules, 30s. to 35s.; White Bone Table Knives, 6s. per dozen; Desserts, 5s.; Carvers, 2s. 6d. per pair; Black Horn Table Knives, 7s. 6d. per dozen; Desserts, 6s.; Carvers, 7s. 6d.; Black Wood-Handled Table Knives and Forks, 6s. per dozen; Table Sticks, from 1s. each. The largest Stock in existence of Pated Dessert Knives and Forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new Pated Fish Carvers.

**WILLIAM A. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING** IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations of his unlimited Stock of Sterling Silver, and Electro-Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Basins, Toilet Vases, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room and Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show-Rooms, at 25, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, Newman-street, 4, 5, and 6, Fenny-place; and 1, Newman-mews, London.

**GREAT BRITAIN MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**  
**NOTICE OF REMOVAL.**—NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN, that the BUSINESS of the above SOCIETY has been REMOVED FROM No. 14, Waterloo-place, to their new and more eligible premises, No. 101, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.  
 September 30th, 1861. C. L. LAWSON, Secretary.

**UNIVERSAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**  
 No. 1, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
*Committees in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.*—Agents throughout India.  
 The last Annual Reduction of Premium amounted to 44 per cent., so that a person being assured for £1000 at the age of 30 is now paying £13 8s. 7d., instead of £24 8s. 4d.  
 INVESTED CAPITAL UPWARDS OF £750,000.  
 M. E. IMPEY, Secretary.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 3 WM. IV.  
**THE ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**  
 6, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1852.

**DIRECTORS.**  
 ROBERT BIDDULPH, Esq., Chairman.  
 WILLIAM BOUTH, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.  
 Alfred Kingsford Barber, Esq.  
 Henry Barnett, Esq.  
 The Rt. Hon. F. Playdell Bourville, M.P.  
 Edward Charrington, Esq.  
 Pascoe Charles Glyn, Esq.  
 Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, Bart.  
 Rear-Admiral Robert Gordon.  
 Charles Morris, Esq.  
 George Kettibill Richards, Esq.  
 Augustus Keppel Stephenson, Esq.  
 ACTUARY—James John Dovece, Esq., F.R.A.S.  
 SECRETARY—Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

The Society offers the following ADVANTAGES—  
 The lowest rates of Premium on the MUTUAL SYSTEM.  
 THE WHOLE OF THE PROFITS divided every FIFTH YEAR.  
 Reversionary Bonuses have been added to Policies to the extent of £1,305,000.  
 The last Bonus, declared in 1859, which averaged £26 PER CENT. on the Premiums paid, amounted to £475,000.  
 847 Policies are now in force, yielding an annual income of £180,000, assuring the sum of £3,067,572, which, with £206,827 Bonus additions, makes a total Liability of £7,308,500.  
 The invested Capital is £1,811,500, producing upwards of £74,000—thus making the present Annual Income of the Society £253,000.  
 Service in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteer Corps, will not affect the validity of Policies.  
*Prospectuses and further particulars may be obtained on application to*  
 ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Secretary.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**  
 Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George the First, and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.

CHIEF OFFICE—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH—20, FILL MALL.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.  
 GEORGE PEARKE BARCLAY, Esq., Sub-Governor.  
 Sir JOHN HENRY FELL, Bart., Deputy-Governor.

**DIRECTORS.**  
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 Robert Barclay, Esq.  
 John Garratt Catley, Esq.  
 Edward Maxwell Daniell, Esq.  
 William Davidson, Esq.  
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 William Tetlow Hibbs, Esq.  
 James Stewart Hodgson, Esq.  
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 The Earl of Leven and Melville.  
 Charles John Manning, Esq.  
 Henry Nelson, Esq.  
 Charles Robinson, Esq.  
 Samuel Leo Schuater, Esq.  
 Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.  
 William Solian, Esq.  
 Joseph Somes, Esq., M.P.  
 William Wallace, Esq.  
 Charles Baring Young, Esq.

Secretary—Robert P. Steele, Esq.  
 Manager of the Marine Department—Henry Warren, Esq.  
 Manager of the Fire Department—Edward Bird, Esq.  
 Actuary—Thos. B. Winsor, Esq.  
 Cashier and Accountant—John Hooper, Esq.  
 Consulting Surgeon—Samuel Solly, Esq., F.R.S.

**FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES** on liberal terms. Life Assurances, with without participation in Profits. Divisions of Profit EVERY FIVE YEARS.  
 A rate of Bonus equal to the average returns of Mutual Societies, with the additional guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock.  
 The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of NEARLY A CENTURY AND A HALF.  
 The Corporation have always allowed the Assured to serve in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteer Corps, within the United Kingdom, free of charge.  
 A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

**THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
 TEMPORARY OFFICES—34, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.  
 Capital £2,500,000.

**DIRECTORS.**  
 HENRY WM. PEEK, Esq., (Peck Brothers and Co.), Chairman.  
 HENRY TROWER, Esq., (Trowers and Lawson), Vice-Chairman.  
 Jeremiah Colman, Esq., (J. and J. Colman).  
 Charles Curling, Esq., (Charles Curling and Co.)  
 Edwin Fox, Esq., (Halliday, Fox, and Co.)  
 Henry Ghin, Esq., (Late of Victoria St. Easton-square).  
 Nehemiah Griffiths, Esq., (N. Griffiths, Tate, and Fisher).  
 Samuel Hanson, Esq., (Samuel Hanson and Son).  
 George Barker, Esq., (G. Barker and Co.).  
 Frederick William Harris, Esq., (Dixon and Harris).  
 Smith Harrison, Esq., (Harrison and Crossfield).  
 David Hart, Esq., (Lemon Hart and Son).  
 Francis Hicks, Esq., (Thomas and Francis Hicks).  
 John Hodgson, Esq., (Grant, Hodgson, and Co.).  
 John Humphrey, Jun., Esq., (Humphrey and Son).  
 Moss Joshua, Esq., (Joshua Brothers and Co.).  
 William Leake, Esq., Eastcheap.  
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 John Robert Thomson, Jun., Esq., (J. R. Thomson and Co.).  
 Joseph Underwood, Esq., (Hills and Underwood).  
 John Kemp Welch, Esq., (Orlando Jones and Co.).

**MANAGERS**—The London and County Bank.  
**SOLICITORS**—Messrs. Marten, Thomas, and Hollins, Mining-lane.  
 The Directors are prepared to accept proposals for Fire Insurance on all descriptions of property.  
 The tariff for London mercantile business has been adjusted on the principle of classification, adopting the plan that each class of goods should be charged a premium proportionate to the risk.  
 The Directors, in deciding upon this tariff, have endeavoured faithfully to fulfil the wishes of the Commercial community, expressed at the influential meeting held at the Mansion House on the 25th July last, and trust they will be supported by the public to enable them to carry out this system with success.  
 Ordinary insurances taken at the usual rates.  
 A commission will be allowed to solicitors and agents introducing business.  
 Forms of proposal and all information can be obtained at the Temporary Offices of the Company, 34, Gracechurch-street, E.C.

**IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
 No. 1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1850.

**DIRECTORS—1861.**  
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 JAMES GORDON MURDOCH, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.  
 Thos. G. Barclay, Esq.  
 James C. Bell, Esq.  
 Charles Cave, Esq.  
 Ed. H. Chapman, Esq.  
 Geo. W. Colman, Esq.  
 Geo. Hy. Cutler, Esq.  
 Henry Davidson, Esq.  
 George Field, Esq.  
 George Hibbert, Esq.  
 Samuel Hibbert, Esq.  
 Fredk. Pattison, Esq.  
 W. R. Robinson, Esq.  
 Martin T. Smith, Esq., M.P.  
 Newman Smith, Esq.  
**PROFITS.**—Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the Profits are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.  
**BONUS.**—The Decennial Additions made to Policies issued before the 4th of January, 1861, vary from £78 to £16 18s. per cent. on the sums insured, according to their respective dates. The Quinquennial Additions made to Policies issued after the 4th of January, 1861, vary in like manner from £28 17s. to £1 18s. per cent. on the sums insured.  
**PURCHASE OF POLICIES.**—A Liberal Allowance is made on the Surrender of a Policy, either by a cash payment or the purchase of a new premium.  
**LOANS.**—The Directors will lend sums of £50 and upwards on the security of policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.  
 Insurances Without Participation in Profits may be effected at reduced rates.  
 Prospectuses and further information may be had at the Chief Office as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall-mall; or of the Agents in Town and Country.  
 SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

**PELICAN LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,**  
 ESTABLISHED IN 1797.  
 No. 70, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.; and 57, CHANCERY CROSS, S.W.

**DIRECTORS.**  
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 John Davis, Esq.  
 James A. Gordon, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.  
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 Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq., M.P.  
 Henry Lancelot Holland, Esq.  
 William James Lancaster, Esq.  
 John Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S.  
 Benjamin Shaw, Esq.  
 Matthew Whiting, Esq.  
 Marmaduke Wyll, Jun., Esq., M.P.

EXAMPLES of the amount of Bonus awarded at the recent division of profits to Policies of £1000 each, effected for the whole term of life at the undermentioned ages:—

Age when Assured.	Duration of Policy.	Bonus in Cash.	Bonus in Reversion.
30	7 years.	29 7 0	64 0 0
	14 years.	30 2 0	73 10 0
	21 years.	44 5 0	82 0 0
40	7 years.	40 13 6	84 10 0
	14 years.	61 2 0	95 10 0
	21 years.	75 2 0	108 0 0
50	7 years.	16 4 0	127 10 0
	14 years.	117 2 0	144 10 0
	21 years.	144 1 0	165 10 0

\*. For Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, &c., apply at the Offices as above, or to any of the Company's Agents.

ESTABLISHED 1857.  
**BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
 Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 Vict. Cap. 9.  
 1, PRINCES-STREET, BANK, LONDON.

**DIRECTORS.**  
 Major-General ALEXANDER, Blackheath-park, Chairman.  
 George Berrington, Esq., The Lodge, Dulwich.  
 Fortesque P. Cockrill, Esq., Shadwell and Twickenham.  
 George Cohen, Esq., Shacklewell.  
 Mills Coventry, Esq., Corn Exchange Chambers.  
 John Dwyer, Esq., Cornhill.  
 Thomas Samuel Girdler, Esq., 7, Tokenhouse-yard.  
 Henry Lewis Smaile, Esq., Doctors' Commons.

INCREASING RATES OF PREMIUM, especially adapted to the securing of Loans or Debts.  
 HALF-CREDIT RATES, whereby half the premium only is payable during the first seven years.  
 SUM ASSURED PAYABLE AT SIXTY, OR AT DEATH, if occurring previously.  
 PROVISION DURING MINORITY FOR ORPHANS.

**BRITANNIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION.**

Empowered by Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

PROFITS divided annually.  
 Premiums for EVERY THREE MONTHS' difference of age.  
 HALF-CREDIT POLICIES granted on Terms unusually favourable; the unpaid half-premiums being liquidated out of the profits.

EXTRACTS FROM TABLES.

WITHOUT PROFITS.				WITH PROFITS.			
Age.	Half Prem. 1st 7 Years.	Whole Prem. Rem. of Life.		Age.	Annual Premium.	Half-Yearly Premium.	Quarterly Premium.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
30	1 1 9	2 3 6		30	2 7 3	1 4 2	0 12 3
40	1 10 3	2 18 4		40	3 7 6	1 4 4	0 12 4
50	2 2 6	4 5 0		50	2 7 10	1 4 6	0 12 5
60	3 5 8	6 15 4		60	2 8 2	1 4 8	0 12 6

ANDREW FRANCIS, Secretary.

**THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,** the oldest Life Office in Scotland, is now, in annual revenue and extent of business, the largest Mutual Life Office in the world.

**I. BONUS SYSTEM.**

Bonuses are declared on the original sum assured, and on Bonuses added at previous Divisions of Profits; and, accordingly, the Policies of this Society increase in a ratio similar to a sum insured on compound interest. At the last Division of Profits for the seven years ending 31st December, 1856, the additions varied from £1 12s. 6d. per cent. on the original sum assured under the youngest policy, up to £3 6s. per cent. per annum on the older policies. These additions formed one of the largest bonuses ever declared by any insurance company, being equal to an average Bonus of from 50 per cent. on the seven premiums paid on the more recent policies, to 107 per cent. on the older policies.

Persons intending to effect assurances will bear in mind that these unusually large bonuses have all been declared out of profits actually realised at the respective terms of division, and that every element of profit ever possessed by the Society, with vastly increased resources, remains for the increase of present and new members' policies.

**II.—CASH VALUE OF POLICIES PAYABLE ON DEMAND.**

Many offices decline giving any surrender value, unless the policy shall have been of a certain number of years' standing, although the premiums paid greatly exceed the risk borne by the office and the proper expenses of the assurance. The practice of the Scottish Widows' Fund is, and always has been, to pay at any time from the day of the issue of a policy its actual office value, and even when the policy lapses by non-payment of the premiums during the 18 months within which they can be received, an allowance equal to the full surrender value is paid.  
 These two important features, viz.—1. The largeness of the bonuses declared out of realised profits; and 2. The certainty from the first of a fixed cash value being paid to the member himself in the event of his desiring to discontinue his assurance—render policies of the Scottish Widows' Fund, whether held for family or business purposes, instruments of the highest value.

**III. FUNDS AND REVENUE.**

Invested Funds, £3,700,000. Annual Revenue, £400,000.

**A NEW PROSPECTUS.**

containing detailed tables, explanations, and examples of the practical results of the above and other important features, will be sent free on application to the Head Office, or any of the Society's agents.

Edinburgh, November, 1861. LONDON HONORARY BOARD.

George Young, Esq., Mark-lane.  
 Charles Edward Pollock, Esq., Barrister, Temple.  
 David Hill, Esq., Sussex-square.  
 John Murray, Esq., Publisher, Albemarle-street.  
 Samuel Loring, Esq., Indian Finance.  
 Sir John Thomas Briggs, Admiralty.  
 Leonard Horner, Esq., F.R.S.  
 James Anderson, Esq., Q.C., Lincoln's-inn.

AGENTS FOR LONDON.

CENTRAL AGENT—Hugh McKean, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, Cornhill.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Major R. S. Ridge, 40, Pall-mall.

Benton Sealey, Bookseller, Islington-green.

Robertson and White, Accountants, 4, Princes-street, Bank of England.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

Proposals lodged at the Head Office, or with any of the Agents, before 31st December, will secure participation in the above advantages, and also One Bonus more than proposals of later date.

**THE SAFEST LIFE POLICY**

An insurer can possess is obviously that which insures Government Stock.

**THE MOST USEFUL LIFE POLICY**

Is that which can always be used, like a Bank of England Note, for financial purposes, and exchanged for cash ON DEMAND, at the option of the holder, while he lives.

**WHERE OBTAINABLE.**

The only Policies providing these advantages are those issued by the CONSOLS INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, 429, Strand, London.

**CONSTITUTION OF THE ASSOCIATION.**

This Association is Incorporated pursuant to Act of Parliament. It possesses nearly SIX HUNDRED WEALTHY SHAREHOLDERS, who have subscribed a large Capital to guarantee its engagements. This fact, combined with the distinctive advantages the Institution confers on Insurers and Shareholders, render it an unusually eligible channel either for effecting Life Insurances or Investments.

Full particulars may be obtained of THOMAS H. BAYLIS, Managing Director.

Applications for public or private Agencies requested.



# THE MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

TEMPORARY OFFICES—51, THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.

Capital—Two Millions Sterling.

## DIRECTORS.

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**Deputy-Chairman**—CHARLES MORRISON, Esq. (Messrs. Morrison, Dillon, and Co.)  
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**MANAGER**—Geo. Henry Whyting.

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